

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

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"HEDDA." — PAINTED

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BY W. WOLFF.

THE MYSTERY OF BEAUTY.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

"BEAUTY?" said Aristotle, when occupied him. Later he wrote a book asked what it was. "that is about it, or rather, as the fashion was question which we may leave to the then, a treatise, which since has got itself blind." But the subject must have pre-lost. This to us has always been a matter

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of regret. Lacking the ability to produce one ourselves, never, in any library, have we encountered a work that could replace it.

Everything being possible, it may be that the lost treatise was deadly dull. But then it might be brilliant, and the books that might be are always so much better than the books that are.

Germany, for instance, has produced tons on this subject. The Esthetics of three sophists alone—Hegel, Schelling and Fichte—would fill a dust-bin. Yet look through them—look through them, that is, if you have the patience of Job—and you will discover that though voluminous indeed, not otherwise are they luminous.

So it is in France, and by the same token so it is in Anglo-Saxony. Emerson is meager and Burke distinctly bald. Bar-ring an odd circular or two from dermatologists, there is on the subject little fit to read and, what is worse, little fit to quote.

In saying this, we are, of course, mindful of a dozen or more phrases of Gautier, which we shall inject in the present paper. We are not unmindful either of the Platonic theory, which we shall also interject, and which we should much like to pass off as our own. The immediate point of which the conveyance is sought is that Beauty lacks not merely a philosophy, but a synonym. It stands as Love stands, alluring and undefined. Within its mystery broods a sphinx whose riddle still defies.

What Beauty is, we all know or think we know. We know, too, or fancy we do, what it is not. It has been pictured, sculptured and sung. In every polite language its varieties can be recited. The splendid treacheries and atrocious verse which, since history began, it has inspired, every self-respecting reader can recall. The pageantry of its passage through chronicles of deeds and days is quite as evokable also.

But jog at Memory's elbow, and on that scarlet prow we are gone from Lacedemon, past the faint fair rose of Ida's snow, over the green plain of waters, right to the gates of Ilium and within, and, through the thickening streets, see how each man stood and mused at Helen's face and her undreamed-of beauty.

Another jog and there is Cleopatra, deep in whose deep eyes' depth her lover must have seen his galleys float away. One more, and there from storied gardens troop Iseult and Guinevere, Francesca, Juliet and Marguerite. You have but to beckon and the daughters of dream appear. Their faces and the wonder of them are familiar as hope, but though their spell be evokable, never yet has it been defined.

To use a Teutonism, the thing-in-itself, though obvious, eludes. Some one somewhere, whose name escapes us, otherwise we would cite it, declared it to be the resultant of unity. No doubt. But that is



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"A GREEK SLAVE"—PAINTED BY M. NONNENBRUCH.*



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"IN THE ORCHARD." —PAINTED BY E. VON BLAAS.

an explanation which explains nothing. Beauty is not to be dissected. It appeals, it appeases and even appals. Only series of Memphis and the Epiphanies of Eleusis the substance of the teaching was demonstrative of a lost yet regainable paradise.



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"IN BONDAGE."—PAINTED BY N. SICHEL.

through its effects may we judge it. And here Plato may be conveniently produced. As prelude we may note that in the Mys-

The initiate learned that the abode of the soul was the ether divine. Therefrom the soul passed, clothed in flesh,



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"EARLY MORNING."—PAINTED BY LUIGI MION

into the circle of incarnations and fell from sphere to sphere, losing at each descent memories of beatitudes and retrospects of bliss until of them all but a spark remained.

There is an Orphic fragment which runs: "The innumerable souls that are precipitated from the great heart of the Universe swarm as birds swarm. They flutter and sink. From planet to planet they fall, and in falling weep. They are thy tears, Dionysus. O Liberator divine, rebeckon thy children to thy breast of light."

Plato, who knew pretty much all that was going on and a good deal that was not, took the idea and embroidered it with another. In the "Phaedo" he stated that in one of those anterior existences which appertain to astronomical cycles, we all of us stood a constant witness of the beautiful and the true. And Plato added that if the presence of any shape of earthly loveliness evokes within us a mirage of what beauty really is, the effect is due to reminiscences of what we once beheld when we were other than what we are.

There is a theory which seems to us as beautiful as beauty itself. Within it is a refraction of the splendor of truth revealed. Though it give no definition it suggests one. Beauty, it seems to intimate, is that which exalts the imagination, and if that be not its office one may wonder what it is. For beauty resides less in the object perceived than in the perceiver of it. It may be dumb as an abyss of the Himalayas and remote as the Polar star, but provided it express to us beauty its mission is fulfilled.

The foregoing remark applies, of course, to beauty in the abstract, and from it we may properly pass to beauty concrete.

Burke, we have said, is bald. Here is his recapitulation of beauty's charms: "First, to be comparatively small. Secondly, to be smooth. Thirdly, to have a variety in the direction of the parts, but, fourthly, to have those parts not angular, but melted, as it were, into each other. Fifthly, to be of a delicate frame without any remarkable appearance of strength. Sixth, to have its colors clear and bright, but not very strong and glaring. Seventy, or if it should have any glaring color, to have it diversified with others. These

are," Burke adds, "the properties on which beauty depends."

So they are if for beau ideal be taken the lay-figure in a hairdresser's shop. Otherwise they resemble beauty as paint and powder resemble health. The hook may be there but not the bait. Then, too, the inventory is less modern than Moslem. In "El Ktab," a Mohammedan work on a subject not similar but cognate, it is written that to be beautiful a woman should display four forms of black: hair, eyebrows, eyelashes and eyes. Item, four forms of white: skin, eyeballs, teeth and hands. Item, four forms of pink: tongue, lips, gums and cheeks. Item, four forms of roundness: head, neck, forearm and ankles. Item, four forms of length: back, fingers, arms and legs. And, item, four forms of narrowness: eyebrows, nose, fingers and lips. The catalogue is not captivating, yet Burke omitted to do better, and failed even to do as well.

We forgive him, however. Beauty, mere beauty, beauty compounded in accordance with Arab and even with Irish receipts, may pleasure, but unless it be edulcified with other condiments it doesn't detain.

The essence of beauty consists in its power of attraction. Witness the Venus of Milo. Once a year a few minutes in her society may be agreeably passed. Grant the lady longer grace and promptly she becomes a bore. Beauty, indeed, she displays, but not its essential. Then, too, however you sit with her you can't reasonably expect anything in any way resembling the adventure which Pygmalion is rumored to have enjoyed. Yet unless there be something, not necessarily of similar simplicity, yet still something which addresses itself directly and individually to the beholder, the latter admires and goes his way.

Tastes differ. These views are personal. They lack indorsement. To Gautier they would be heretical. In a work which Mr. Swinburne has described as "the Golden Book of Spirit and of Sense, the Holy Writ of Beauty," and which, with every deference to Mr. Swinburne, does not happen to be either, Gautier expressed himself as follows:

"The one thing I want is beauty. Wit



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"JUDITH."—PAINTED BY N. SICHEL.

I can get on very well without. A Beauty, the one thing which can-woman who is beautiful is witty enough. She has the wit to be beautiful, and I know of none equal to that. I prefer a pretty mouth to a pretty sentiment, and

not be acquired, forever inaccessible to whomso it was not congenitally bestowed, perfect and precious like all that lies beyond the reach of man, is the most radiant diadem



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"*BIANCHINA*."—PAINTED BY G. GRAEF.

a lovely face to a lovable trait—even theological. I would give fifty souls for a well-turned ankle and all the poetry of all the poets for the hand of Jeanne d'Aragon. with which chance can crown a brow. We may exchange a footstool for a throne or conquer the world—many another has done so—but is there anywhere any one unable to



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"MOTHER'S DELIGHT."—PAINTED BY LUIGI FERRAZZI.

kneel to Beauty, pure personification of the thought of God?"

That there is no one so impotent, we assume with great readiness. But we entertain a suspicion that beauty of a variety catalogued as the pure personification of the thought of God is not common. That suspicion Gautier appears to share.

"I have," he adds, "here and there seen women portions of whom were delightful, but whose other parts were mediocre. Eliminating the latter, I admired that which was most select. Such suppression, however, is not easy, and in limiting the eye to the best features, the mental amputation of what remains is not agreeable either. Beauty is harmony, and a lady who is equally ugly all over is less distressing to me than a lady unequally fair." And so forth, et cetera.

Here is another kettle of fish. Gautier ranked beauty highest among human gifts. When he did not happen to be wrong he was right. Which is the case with all of us. In that ranking he erred considerably. Martial declared a rich woman to be a pest, and we will take it upon ourselves to declare that a beautiful woman is quite as deleterious.

There is Our Lady of Beauty, the Argive Helen. For her the war of the world was fought. There is Dido. Her pyre is

smoking yet. There is that Viper of the Nile. Her nose sufficed to give history a twist. There are these and many another in the long list of queens whose tragedies rattled us in the nursery. They were all perfect, and they were all pernicious. No decorous young person have they ever made in love with love or enamored of their beauty.

Then also there is that demigoddess King Etzel's wife, Kriemhild of Burgundy, who loved the stainless Siegfried and who, when he was slain, awoke a war in which she perished too. "Then," says the historian, "alone at the board old King Etzel sat and wept. He touched not of the meadhorn, sorrow was his meat, tears had he for drink."

So Pain dogs Beauty's steps. Quel giorno più non vi leggemo avante—we read no more that day, as Francesca once remarked. In the biography of beauty let us read no more either. As pages turn and

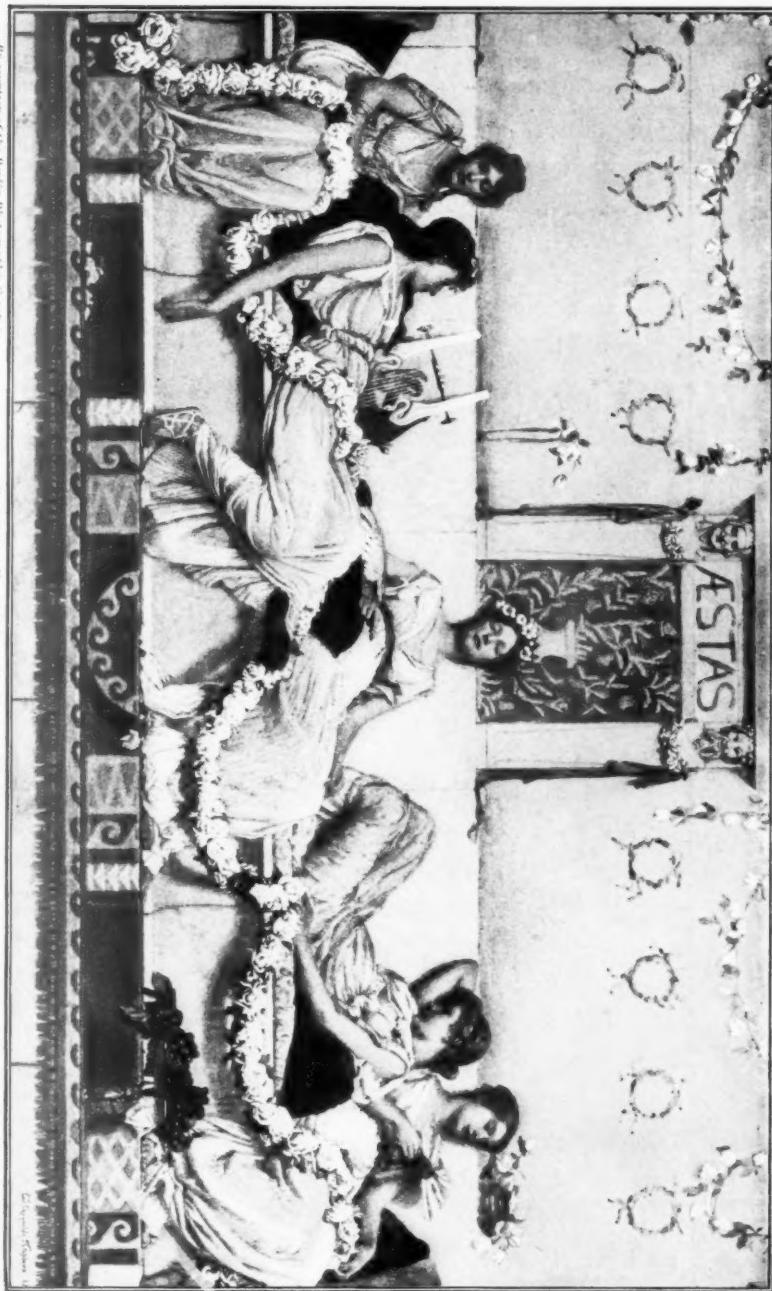
faces emerge, always when they do not reek with blood they drip with tears.

Beauty is not the highest among human gifts, but it is the truest of nature's symbols. It is a reduction of the infinite, a reminiscence of the divine. "Who," said Balzac, "has ever thought of an ugly angel?"

Beauty, to use another Teutonism, is an appanage of the supersensible, frequently



*By courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company
"TERESA."—PAINTED BY F. ANDREOTTI.*



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"SUMMER." — PAINTED BY W. R. STEPHENS.

of the inanimate, usually of the panther, always of the lily, yet not of man. When humanly manifest it inevitably disturbs and generally corrodes. It is exceptional,

Beauty, it has been noted, lacks a synonym, yet in days when the world went slower it possessed personifications. In Greece it was called Aphrodite; in Egypt,



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"IS HE THINKING OF ME?"—PAINTED BY G. PAPPERITZ.

and as such not a part of our scheme of being. Which is the reason, perhaps, why it once was an object of worship.

Hathor; in Persia, Anahita; Tanit in Carthage; Mylitta in Babylon; Baalitis in Byblus; Ashtaroth to the Sidonians and



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"THE BATH,"—PAINTED BY F. M. BREDT.



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"THE PRAYER."—PAINTED BY F. EHRLICH.

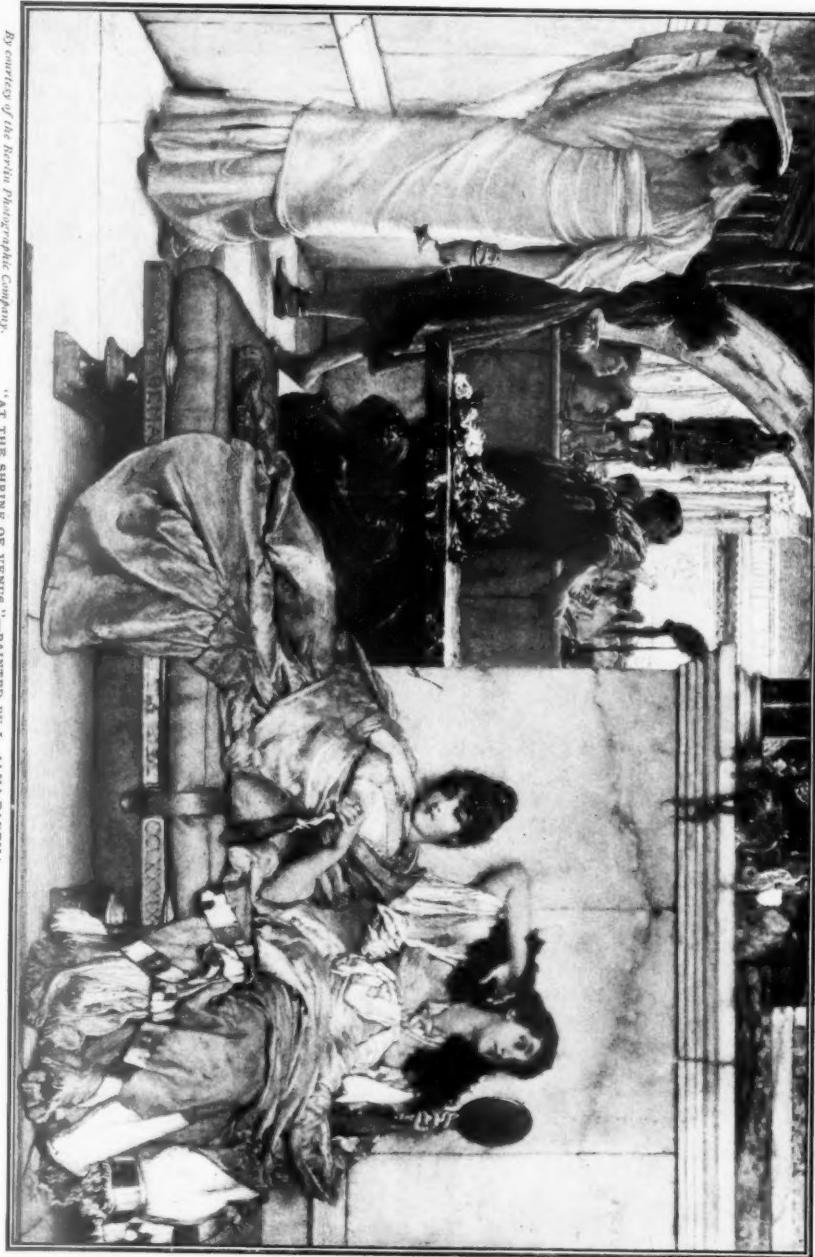
Aschera in the glades of Judaea. Blissfuller than any bloom of bliss, devoutly these personifications were worshiped. They were categories of the ideal, the germ of stars, the essence of things. They were Beauty.

This occurred in what we think we have seen somewhere described as the good old days. They are gone, worse luck. Customs have changed and consciences, too, climates with them, the sky as well. There

are manufactories where green and yellow was; the shriek of steam where gods have strayed; Baedekers in ruins that never heard an atheist's voice; solitudes where there were splendors; the snarl of jackals where once were birds and bees. With customs and consciences, there are colors and there are arts that have passed with religions from a world to which trolley cars, advertisements and telegraph poles had not yet come, a world that was ornate

By courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company.

"AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS."—PAINTED BY L. ALMA-TADEMA.



and unutilitarian, a world which still had its myths and mysteries; one in which piety and poetry went hand in hand, a world without newspapers, hypocrisy and cant.

Beauty then was really revered. To-day it is worshiped no longer. Semi-occasion-

Joy, a hand on its lips, bidding farewell.

There is a Persian manuscript which, read one way, is a metrical invocation to Love, and which, read backward, is a textbook on mathematics in prose. Beauty, however examined, is both a poem and a



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"NEAPOLITAN GIRL"—PAINTED BY N. SICHEL.

ally encountered, it is admired and, treatise. It stirs the pulse and detained by the circumspect, avoided with care, the mind.

Yet it exists. Beauty has not vacated the planet. But it is folding its tent. It is In certain memories and memoirs there is a luxury of charm and of grace, there is preparing to steal away. We picture it like a plenitude of features chiseled to the



By courtesy of the Berlitz Photographic Company.

"A GOURMAND."—PAINTED BY E. VON BLAAS.

brow. In certain halls there are women who with but a look can clothe one down with kisses. In certain homes there are girls who put flowers in one's thoughts—flowers to which years later we may turn and find fresh and unfaded still. There is much that is seductive and more that is pretty. In the presence of either we forget that beauty is rescaling the skies. From lack of incentive the desire for it is subsiding. To its glamour, we are becoming disused. For Aphrodite and the enthrallments of her, one searches and searches in vain. In her high place at Paphos it may be she is seated still. But her temple has tottered. Her sanctuary is sacked.

There is a reason for all things. There is one for this. There are even two. Beauty's patent of nobility is to be useless. The trend of the age is distinctly utilitarian. In Anglo-Saxony progress is the most important word. Progress is constantly providing things uglier and more useful than ever were things before.

There is still plenty of taste, but it is all so bad. That, though, is a detail. The point is that whatever loses its efficiency Time lops and leaves behind. As is the case with an ugly angel, a utilitarian Venus is an anomaly which the mind refuses to conceive. In an epoch as remorseless as the present the need of inefficient beauty is ceasing to be felt. Moreover, in the mammoth menageries of money-getters with which the planet is becoming disfigured, where shall Beauty reside?

Already the remote and mysterious influences which we call heredity, when we

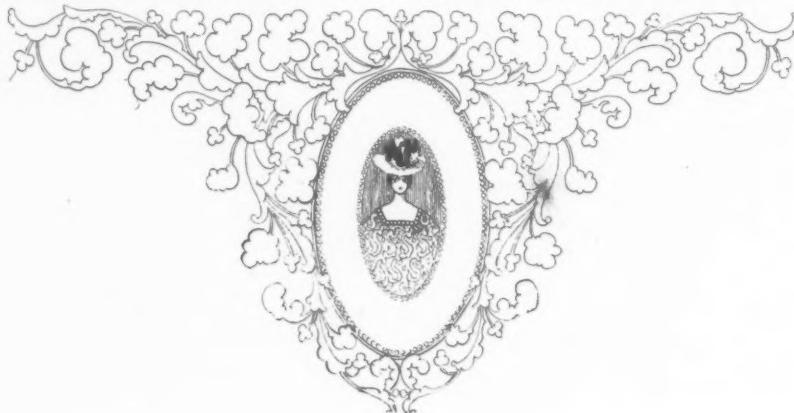
don't lump them into evolution, are taking that matter in charge. The study of both has been pursued in vain unless they show that everything which lives either advances or retrogrades, develops or disappears in accordance with its surroundings, propitious or the reverse.

As a consequence, where utility and ugliness reign the useless and the beautiful retreat. In that ample morrow which the future holds, woman may be wise and, at a pinch, she may be winsome, but the witchery of her will have faded with the witchery of faith.

Beauty then will be dead as the dodo, extinct as the novel with a purpose. As some of us pay to see monstrosities now, so will others pay for a peep at loveliness then. It will be just as uncanny, too, yet hardly as brazen. For though beauty may be degraded, never can it be vulgarized. But it will feel itself a survival and depart as survivals do.

By that time the world will have become quite hideous, but very comfortable. There will be but trusts and machinery. Only on the infrequent bookshelf will the story of beauty survive. That story some Reman of later age, pricking with the point of his pen, will declare charming and untrue.

Meanwhile, of all ruins that of loveliness is saddest to contemplate. Moreover the future is always remote, and there is no reason why its possible conditions should disturb us any further. Though beauty be doomed, it is still existent, and nowhere more obviously, of course, than in the home of the brave and the land of the free.





FESTIVAL HALL.

PLANS FOR THE PARIS WORLD'S FAIR.

BY CHARLES A. TOWNE.

THE French spirit is essentially dramatic. Aiming at finish and perfection in detail, it yet plans everything for the dénouement. The element of surprise is always present in its works of art. In literature it delights in unexpected solutions of carefully elaborated mysteries, and expresses itself in a style brilliant with epigram, antithesis and new analogies. In the plastic arts it preferably represents action or feeling rather than repose. In music this spirit runs to contrasts. In the drama it has invented nearly all the "situations" known to the modern stage. In politics it dearly loves the spectacular, and few men have succeeded in public life in France who could not so arrange their careers as to advance by climaxes. To reckon wisely with this quality has been the key to popular appreciation, a merit common to Napoleon's bulletins and the Eiffel tower.

In the great Exposition of 1900 the

French genius has an opportunity appropriate to its noblest exercise, and it is planning a prodigious surprise for the people of the world. Every circumstance is favorable. The auguries are happy. The memorable nineteenth century, crowded with achievement in science, in government, in the practical arts of life, beyond all preceding eras, is rounding to its close. The twentieth century, anticipated for many generations as the epoch of almost unimaginable progress in all that makes for the higher welfare of mankind, begins. It is a fateful moment. What more honorable and useful office for a people than to be permitted to gather into one place the tangible results of man's past activity, to exhibit in forms of usefulness and of beauty the utmost that has yet been done for the physical, mental and spiritual improvement of the race, and thus to show the future where its work commences and along what ways it must advance? To these general

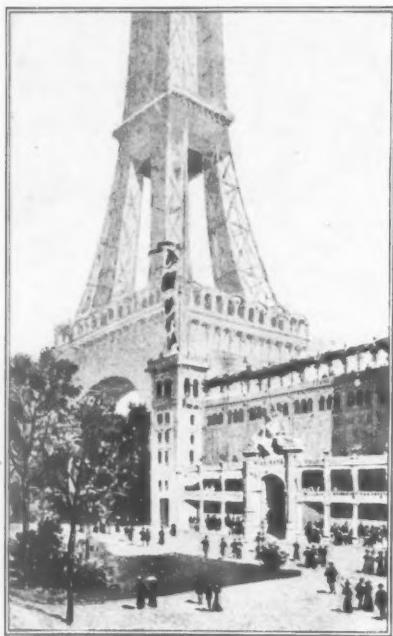
considerations France adds certain others special to herself, strong in their appeal to her higher mood. France ushered in the nineteenth century with a tragedy of blood enacted to the discordant music of war. She will introduce the twentieth century with a drama of arts and industry attuned to the sweet harmonies of peace. The epoch that closes holds for her the memory of the barbaric triumph of 1807 and of the ignoble humiliation of 1870. The one that opens shall see her making a glorious recompense for Jena and taking a splendid vengeance for Sedan.

The preparations for the Exposition of 1900 are on a scale commensurate with the loftiest views of its significance and influence. Even a brief inspection of the work completed and in progress, together with some study of the classifications adopted and a consideration of the method and personnel of the administration, cannot fail to impress the visitor with the truth of the claim so constantly made by Parisians that the exposition of next year is to be more comprehensive, instructive and beautiful than any preceding international fair.

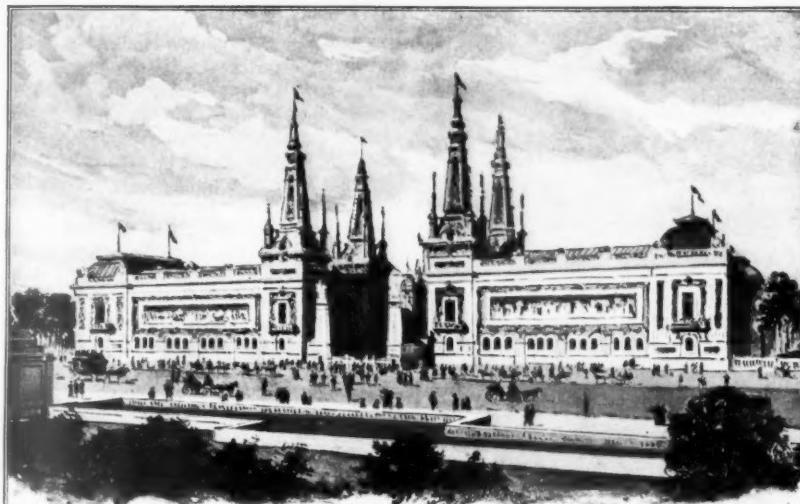
Nor need an American with the memories of the wonderful accomplishment at Chicago in 1893 still fresh in his mind, hesitate to make the concession. Our great World's Fair could not have been what it was but for the lessons taught by former expositions. Admittedly the crowning achievement of its kind, it was sure to be deeply studied by those who should next assume the heavy responsibility of inviting the nations to a function of similar purpose and magnitude. The French did not neglect the opportunity.

Moreover, in such matters experience counts for much, and Paris has qualified as an expert. Toward the close of the last and early in this century, numerous national fairs were held there, culminating in 1839, 1845 and 1849 on a scale that left little room for improvement unless the field should be broadened. Naturally, therefore, the next effort, encouraged to some extent also by the success of the London Crystal Palace exhibition, was international in its scope. Thus, in 1855, there took place at Paris the first in that series of great peace tournaments in whose lists the arts and industries of France have sought the friendly rivalry of the nations. A tacit understanding in some way arose that these contests should occur at the end of every period of eleven years. The second of the series, owing to certain political considerations, was deferred from 1866 to 1867, but the schedule has been regularly observed since, as witness 1878, 1889 and 1900.

The preponderant sentiment of France justifies this program on grounds both economic and, in the broad sense, philanthropic. In the words of Prince Napoleon in 1855: "By assembling on one spot all the vital forces of humanity and presenting to them an immense field of study, expositions have given an enormous impulsion to discovery and formed ties that are useful to general progress." Subsequent experience, much wider than could form the basis of an opinion then, has unquestionably confirmed this view, although we must regret that the secondary and higher influence to which he next refers has not been more pronounced in these later years. He says: "Nations knew each other badly; ignorance of one another made misunder-



PANORAMA OF THE SEA.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

standing easy; frequent intercourse, constant exchange, and the solidarity of transactions, will modify such a state of things. By being drawn nearer to one another minds are enlightened; local sentiment, which fosters prejudice, grows weaker; the philosophical mind is developed."

In the matter of immediate results in dollars and cents, the advocates of expositions cite some rather interesting figures. For example, it is shown that in 1889 the exports of France increased some ninety-one million dollars; that the railway receipts were greater than for the preceding year by about sixteen million dollars, and that the revenue from the postal and telegraph service grew by one million four hundred thousand dollars. In the year 1889 visitors from the provinces of France spent at least one hundred million dollars in the capital, while the tribute of foreign sight-seers amounted to one hundred and fifty million dollars, a grand total of two hundred and fifty million dollars which next year may not improbably be doubled.

The first authoritative statement of the purpose to hold the Exposition was made by the French government in July, 1892, just in time, by the way, to head off Germany from a similar announcement; and since that time an unremitting attention has been bestowed upon the almost

innumerable details of the enormous undertaking. From the beginning the determination has been to outdo all former accomplishment in the same field, and to this end the organizing ability, the financial skill and the artistic endowments of the best genius of France have been laid under contribution. M. Alfred Picard, the Commissioner-General, is one of the great men of our day. A civil engineer, he performed splendid professional service as a young officer in the Franco-Prussian war, and since then has made conquest of many fields of knowledge. He became a member of the Council of State in 1881, and since 1885 has been President of its section of Public Works, Agriculture, Commerce and Industry. His famous official report in ten volumes on the exposition of 1889 has well been called a historical encyclopedia of arts and industry. His two treatises on railroads, one in four and another in six volumes, stand at the head of the literature of their class. He is the very personification of the genius of method, and his energy permeates every branch of the huge organization over which he presides and with whose every department his vast and varied acquirements place him in closest sympathy. Under him the administration is distributed among seven subdivisions, as follows: General Direction; Direction of Architecture; Direction of



FERNAND W. PECK.

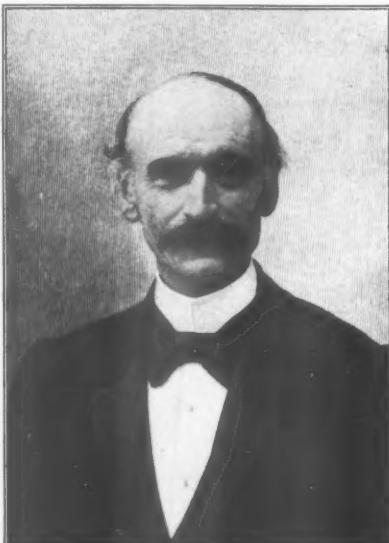
COMMISSIONER-GENERAL FOR THE UNITED STATES.

Roads, Parks, Gardens, Water and Light; Direction of Finances; Office of the General Secretary; Law Office, and Direction of Fêtes—each of which is officered with a care similar to that which dictated the choice of a Commissioner-General.

The funds for the expenses of the Exposition are derived chiefly from five sources: the subsidy of the Republic, twenty million francs; the subsidy of the city of Paris, twenty million francs; advances by the Bank of France, to be repaid out of the admission receipts, thirty million francs; the sale of three million two hundred and fifty thousand bonds of twenty francs each, at popular subscription, sixty-five million francs; the sale of concessions and privileges, and of building and other material after the Exposition is over, estimated at five million francs: a total of one hundred and forty million francs, or somewhat more than twenty-seven million dollars. The bonds in question are not to be redeemed, the inducement to their purchase consisting of the double privilege of the holders to participate in twenty-nine drawings for four thousand three hundred and thirteen prizes of an aggregate value of six million

francs, to be derived from interest on the fund, and of reduced fares on all railroads, as well as from Mediterranean and French colonial ports, to and from the Exposition.

One of the first and most important duties performed by M. Picard was to decide upon a plan and method of classification for the exhibits. Not only must such classification be comprehensive enough to embrace practically the whole field of human knowledge and achievement, but it should be based on some intelligible principle and a logical arrangement of the parts. At the time of undertaking this task the Commissioner-General said: "The general classification of objects exhibited has, in all previous expositions, presented most serious anomalies. To quote but one instance, the departments of Health and War—that is to say, life and its most cruel adversary—were heretofore in one and the same group. It is our intention, in 1900, to insure better-assorted alliances and to place together products bearing close affinities. We also aim to keep pace with industrial evolution. Thus, instead of separating the machine, the process and the object manufactured, we mean to place them all in one and the same group and, if possible, in the same class." The answer

ALFRED PICARD.
COMMISSIONER-GENERAL OF THE EXPOSITION.

he made to this problem is an admirable illustration of the thoroughness and system with which M. Picard does whatever he does at all. His scheme comprises eighteen Groups, as he calls his principal divisions, each made up of Classes, varying in number in different groups but aggregating one hundred and twenty. A careful study of this plan of classification is exceedingly instructive, but quite too extended for this place. There is much interest, however, attending merely the names of the Groups and the method on which they are arranged: I. Education and Instruction; II. Works of Art; III. Appliances and

Among the many innovations upon former usage that will distinguish the Exposition, one of the most important is the arrangement of exhibits illustrative of the respective arts and processes in collective and complete association, so that it will not be necessary to visit a large number of buildings belonging to many different governments in order to gain a comparative view of the varying methods employed in achieving similar results; the art or process, not the country, will be the basis of arrangement.

Another new feature will be the so-called retrospective exhibits in connection with



ENTRANCE TO THE BRIDGE OF ALEXANDER III.

General Processes relating to Literature, Science and Art; IV. Machinery; V. Electricity; VI. Civil Engineering and Transportation; VII. Agriculture; VIII. Horticulture and Arboriculture; IX. Forestry, Hunting, Fishing, Gathering Wild Crops; X. Food-stuffs; XI. Mining and Metallurgy; XII. Decoration and Furniture of Dwellings and Public Buildings; XIII. Threads and Yarns, Fabrics and Garments; XIV. Chemical Industries; XV. Diversified Industries; XVI. Social Economy, Hygiene, Public Charities; XVII. Colonization; XVIII. Military and Naval.

contemporary exhibits of the same group or class, so that the visitor shall not only see the present state of the industry and its processes but may also study its steps of advance since 1800. For the Exposition will indeed be a centennial exposition, not in the sense in which that of 1889 commemorated the birth of a new order of things in France a hundred years before, but in the sense of forming a compendium of the world's progress during the whole of the nineteenth century.

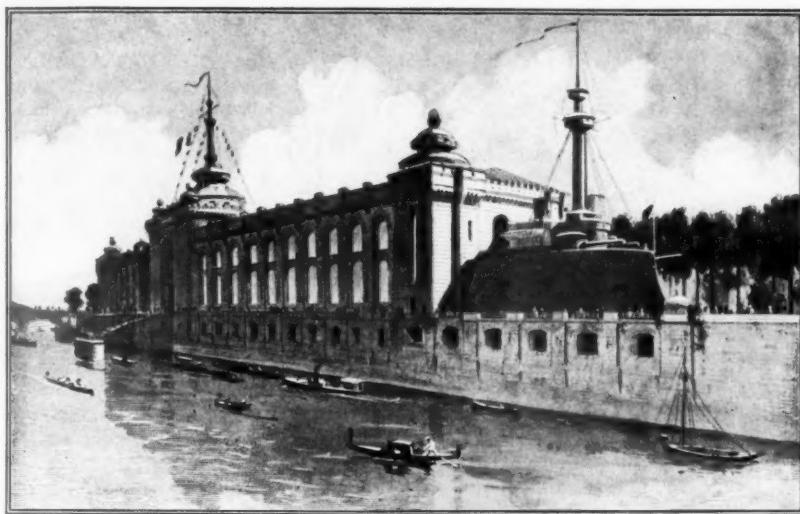
The site of the great show is in the very midst of the city of Paris. While not so



CHAMP DE MARS (AS IT WIL BE).

much space is available here as would be in a situation outside the city, it was felt that the convenience of both exhibitors and visitors was a matter of determining importance. Moreover, the beautiful surroundings of the chosen place, so admirably calculated as a setting for the buildings and other structures of the fair, could not be duplicated elsewhere. The Seine with its newly revetted banks, broad quays and numerous bridges of various and splendid construction; the elegant dwellings and palaces of the neighborhood with their pleasing architecture, and the avenues of well-grown trees with their grateful shade and engaging aspect; that indefinable but irresistible charm of Paris herself, the fairest city in Europe, always prodigal of a loveliness that does not fade with use nor weary its fortunate devotee—these are arguments of culminating force.

The location embraces the following: the Champ de Mars, the Palace of the Trocadéro and its adjacent grounds, the Quai d'Orsay, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Quai de la Conférence, the Cours la Reine, the Palais de l'Industrie (a memento of 1855 but now demolished and replaced by the two Palais des Beaux Arts hereafter to be mentioned), and the grounds adjoining this palace between its longitudinal axis prolonged and the Avenue d'Antin. The emplacement of the exposition of 1889, amounting to two hundred and forty acres, is included within the limits above described, the total area of the latter being three hundred and thirty-six acres, of which about two hundred and sixty-eight will be covered with buildings and landscape-gardening. The memory of Jackson Park makes these figures seem somewhat small, but it must be remembered that the Exposition of 1900 has availed itself of a large domain in the magnificent Bois de Vincennes, just outside the eastern city limits of Paris, where the more cumbersome exhibits in civil engineering and transportation will be placed, and where bicycle and automobile races and all kinds of athletic sports will be held. Again, concentration, where it can be effected without sacrifice of other essentials, is very desirable. Where so much is to be seen the tired visitor will be grateful for every device of management that saves his time



MILITARY AND NAVAL BUILDING.

and economizes physical exertion. A careful process of exclusion has been followed, on the principle, as expressed by M. Chardon, the accomplished Secretary-General of the Exposition, that "all exhibits which do not possess a certain amount of interest for visitors, and which consequently the exhibition would have no interest in showing, must be resolutely left aside." The result will be a large space, though not the "largest on record," fully

occupied with the very best exhibits, arranged upon reasonable principles, and susceptible of leisurely and profitable study.

It was M. Picard's original intention that every Group of exhibits should be assigned a place of its own, each building being so designed as clearly to indicate the character of its occupant. This plan has been substantially adhered to, and the result is an architecture of variety and meaning, whose structural and decorative



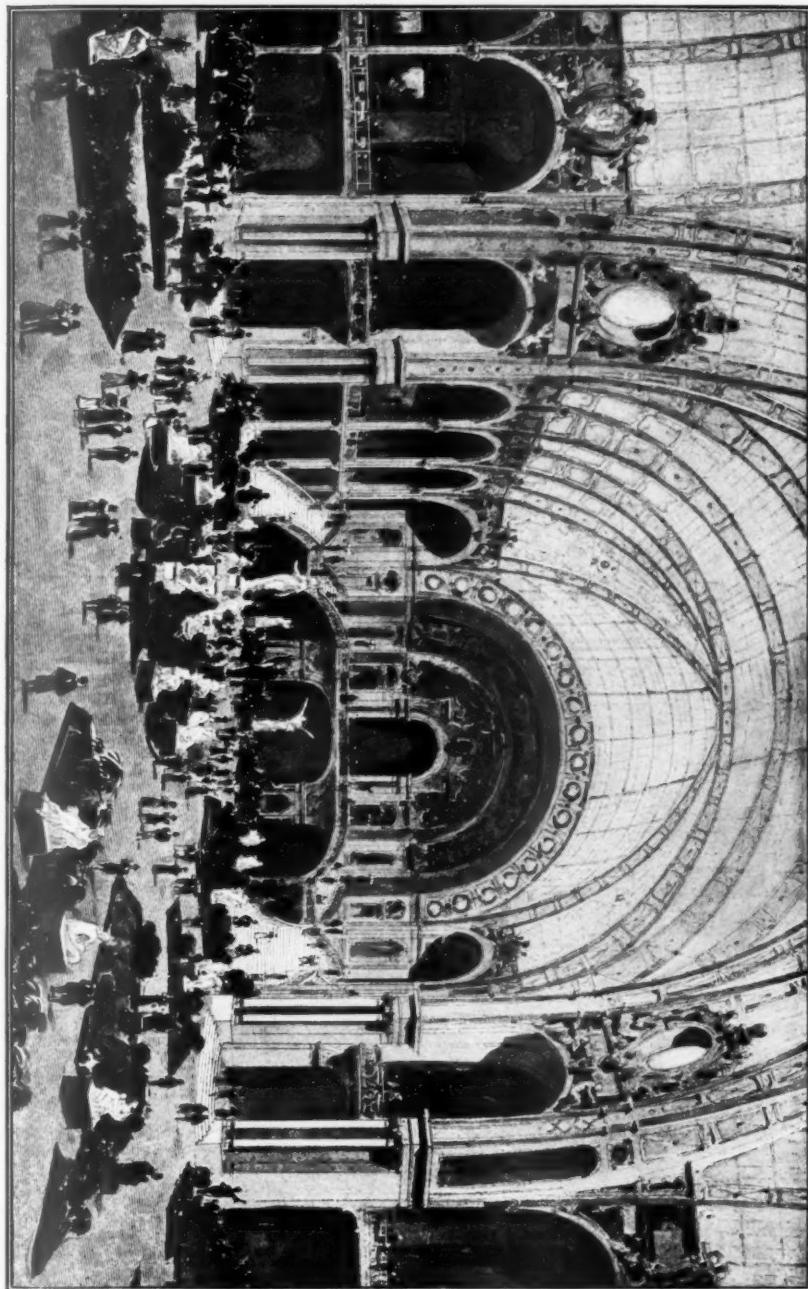
ELEVATED RAILROAD IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

elements are in harmony, and which has been subordinated to a unity of treatment that still allows the largest individual artistic liberty. To these results the most eminent artists of France in every department have been enlisted in keen but noble competition. As in the case of our World's Fair, most of the buildings are designed for merely temporary use; and these are generally constructed of wooden or iron frames and with exteriors wearing the appearance of marble through the employment of the material called "staff," first used in the Paris exposition of 1889 and subsequently at Chicago in 1893 with such happy effect. Three only of the new structures are permanent, the two Palaces of Art (respectively the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts and the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts), and the great Bridge of Alexander III. connecting the grounds of these palaces with the Esplanade des Invalides at the head of the Avenue Nicholas II. recently established; both bridge and avenue perpetuating the memory of the time in which they were built, by names recalling the Russian entente under whose influence they were christened. The avenue is a noble one. It moves down among its new wonders like a magician conscious of his spell, opening up, between two rows of Exposition palaces impressive in the white symmetry of their architecture, flanked and relieved by beautiful small landscape-gardens, a long vista at whose far extremity both eye and mind are filled and satisfied as they rest upon the high gilded dome of that imposing sepulcher where, surrounded thus and glorified by the richest spoils of peace, there sleeps the mightiest warrior of all time, whose last thought was of France, his last wish that his ashes might repose in her bosom.

It was a happy thought that fixed the principal entrance to the Exposition grounds adjacent to the Place de la Concorde, where the fine avenue of the Cours la Reine abuts upon it. La Concorde is the most beautiful "place" in Europe, thus affording an appropriate introduction to the delights of the fair, and is much frequented by strollers and visitors, who will in this way be brought within easy temptation by the ticket-seller. In 1889 no particular pains were taken to make the

exposition entrances attractive, but a contrary policy is now being pursued. Especially is this true of the Porte Monumentale, the name given to the ornate and elaborate structure forming the gate of this main entrance. The work, which is to cost some six hundred thousand francs, has been intrusted to Mons. R. Binet, an energetic and purposeful young man who has been making a considerable stir as an exponent of the "new art" which seeks its inspiration and examples in both form and color in the Orient. Opinion is by no means unanimous touching the merit of the school, and this grand entrance to the Exposition will undoubtedly contain pabulum enough to feed the appetite of controversy for some time. The edifice proper, with its appurtenant parts forming the entrance-ways, covers an area of about twenty-five thousand square feet. It consists essentially of a great dome rising nearly one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, carried by arches of sixty feet span and one hundred and ten feet in height, of which the one constituting the façade is developed upward by exterior ornamentation of bold and striking design and crowned by a fine statue of Fame standing upon a globe. At the right and left rise lofty minarets in far-Eastern style, like the rest of the construction brilliant with many colors by day and blazing in electric glory by night. The decorations, borrowing from the sister arts of architecture, painting and sculpture, are carried out in great profusion and detail. Among these the feature which will perhaps attract most commendation is the remarkable work of the rising young sculptor Guillot, in the two friezes of the main archway, representing "Workingmen bringing the products of their labor to the Exposition." By a most ingenious contrivance in the utilization of space, M. Binet has provided for fifty-eight turnstile entrances, each officered by ticket-takers, and aggregating a capacity of sixty thousand admissions in an hour.

Entering the grounds by the Porte Monumentale, the visitor will find himself in the Cours la Reine, with its avenues of trees and its flower-gardens, having the Seine on his left, and the two Art Palaces on his right occupying the site of the old Palais de l'Industrie and separated by the new Avenue Nicholas II. opening upon the



INTERIOR OF THE GRAND PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

Bridge Alexander III. Standing at the point of intersection of the Cours la Reine and this avenue, he may command a view of some of the most attractive of all the creations of the fair. Southward the magnificent bridge, three hundred and sixty feet long and one hundred and thirty feet wide, with its stately and sculptured approaches, invites to the Esplanade des Invalides, where are situated the Invalides railway-station and the two sections, French and foreign, of the Palaces of Decoration and Furniture and of Miscellaneous Industries (Industries Diverses). Northward his preference will hesitate between the two Palaces of Art, in some respects the culminating achievements of the vast enterprise. Built of the beautiful light-colored stone from the quarries of d'Enville and Savonnières, the two structures are to cost a total of four million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In their varied but harmonized architecture and with their lavish decoration of sculpture, mosaic and painting, they are expected

to endure for many generations and to preserve for aftertime a faithful representation of the best French art of to-day. The larger of the two has a façade of five hundred feet on the Avenue Nicholas II. and a frontage somewhat less on the Avenue d'Antin. Designed in part to succeed, in its adaptation to a multiplicity of uses, the old Palais de l'Industrie bequeathed by the exposition of 1855, and which it now replaces, it will become after next year the home not only of the annual Salon but of the Horse Show as well, with ample accommodations also for a great variety of exhibitions, for which there is such frequent need in a great community. Here, during the Exposition, will be found the productions of the last decade, and the masterpieces of the century, in sculpture, painting and drawing. In the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts will be housed the Centennial exhibition, a very complete retrospect of the progress made in France since 1800, in the fine arts. Upon the conclusion of the Exposition this building becomes the property of the city of Paris, and in it will be permanently installed works of art that the municipality has acquired during recent years, or may hereafter acquire, from



CHAMP DE MARS (OCTOBER, 1899), SHOWING EIFFEL TOWER.



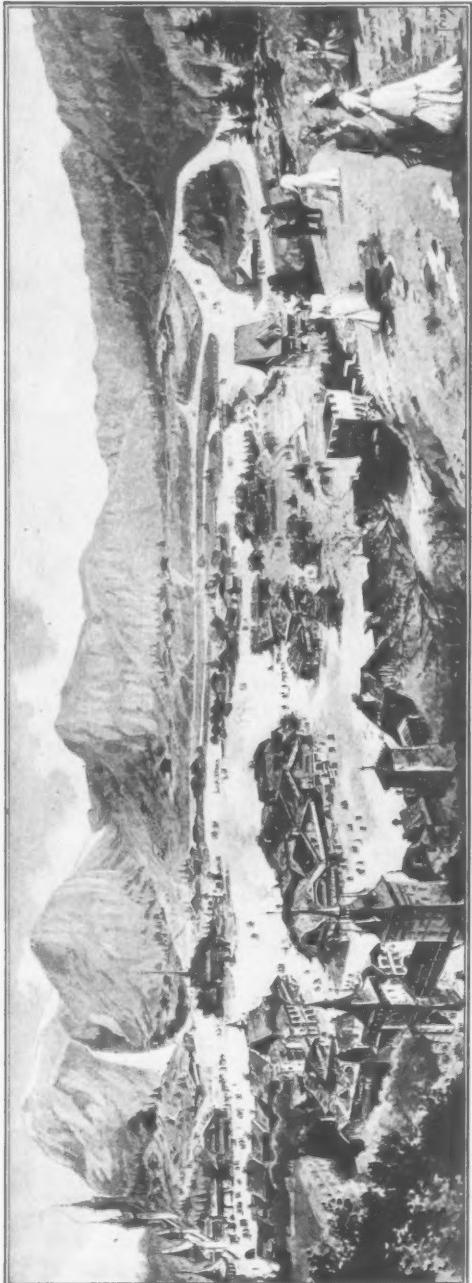
THE HIPPODROME.

celebrated painters and sculptors. It is calculated that there will be wall-space for one thousand pictures in the retrospective exhibit of French paintings, and for four thousand four hundred in the contemporary class, of which latter number foreign artists will be entitled to exhibit one thousand seven hundred and sixty canvases to two thousand six hundred and forty shown by French artists.

Continuing his walk down the right bank of the Seine, the visitor will pass the fine Building of the City of Paris, the airy and beautiful Palace of Horticulture and Arboriculture, and the chaste and elegant edifice devoted to Social Economy and the Congresses of the Exposition. The sessions of the Congresses held at our Columbian Exposition, in 1893, attracted the widest interest and were among the most conspicuous successes of the fair. A vast amount of attention is being bestowed on this feature of the Paris program, and from forty to fifty Congresses will be organized, covering practically all branches of economics and other sciences. For reasons not necessary to discuss, there will, however, be nothing answering to the Parliament of

Religions of 1893. The building in which the deliberations of the Congresses will be held is built two-thirds on land and one-third upon the Seine, and its most original feature is a magnificent gallery over a hundred yards long and twelve yards wide, along the riverside, having a ceiling of stained glass and connected with every chamber devoted to the deliberations of the respective Congresses. It thus admirably meets the purpose of a promenade and conference-room.

Passing next le Vieux Paris, illustrating the architecture, life and pursuits of the Middle-Age city, and, farther on, the exhibit of pleasure-craft on the river, the visitor approaches the lovely gardens of the Trocadéro and the tastefully planned grounds appropriated to the very complete exhibit of the French colonies and protectorates. The name of this park comes from that of a Spanish fort at Cadiz which was taken by the French in 1823. The place was laid out in terraces at the time of the exposition of 1867, and in 1878 it became a part of the exposition grounds, when the palace itself was constructed. This is an imposing building with crescent wings



THE SWISS VILLAGE

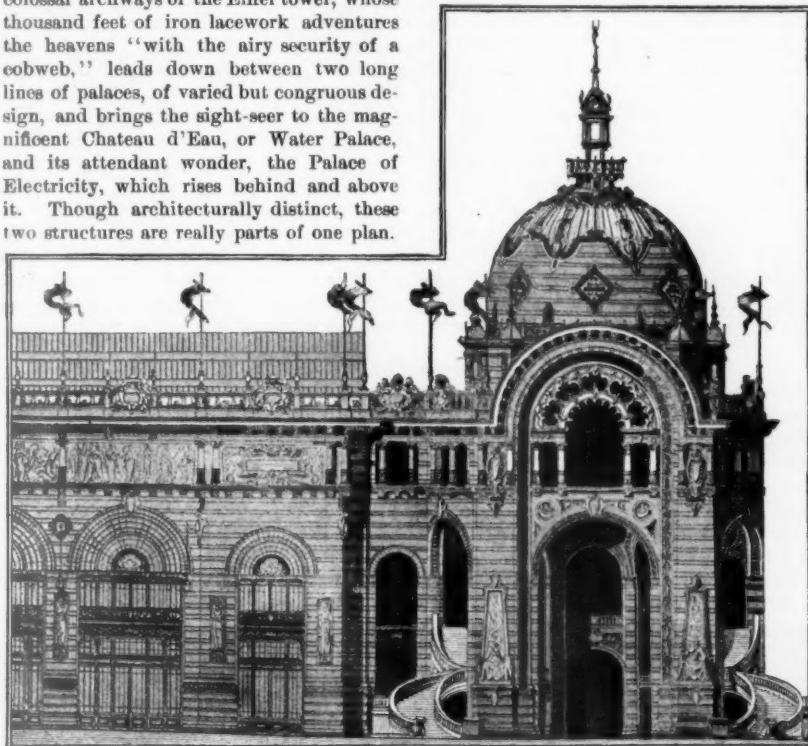
more than two hundred yards long appurtenant to the circular central edifice, which is one hundred and ninety feet in diameter and one hundred and eighty feet high and is flanked by two towers that rise to an altitude of two hundred and seventy feet, affording an excellent view of the city. Within are museums of sculpture and ethnography, and a music-hall with seats for nearly five thousand spectators.

The course will naturally be next directed southward across the Seine toward the Champ de Mars, the Campus Martius of Paris, inclosed in 1790 by high embankments, and planted with trees by the gratuitous labor of sixty thousand enthusiasts, to make a suitable place for the Fête de la Fédération in celebration of what they vainly thought to be the consummation of the Revolution; and which afterward was the scene of many another gorgeous ceremonial for which this first dedication proved an unpropitious augury. For here, on the 1st of the month big with the woe of Waterloo, in the full tide of the glory of the Hundred Days, the hero of Elba marshaled the pomp of his memorable Champ de Mai; here the ill-starred Louis Philippe presented the colors to his National Guard, and here the last Napoleon distributed to his army those famous standards whereon the ancient Gallic cock, which had never ceased to crow, was replaced by his imperial eagle that was so soon to forget to fly.

But the fate of the Field of Mars has been happier since it became a drill-ground of peace. Here was held the exhibition of 1867; here the expositions of 1878 and 1889 were mainly placed, and here will be found the largest concentration of interest in the great fair of 1900. Turning from the Trocadéro, the spectator about to cross the

broad Pont d'Iéna will behold a never-to-be-forgotten panorama. Beyond the river, dotted with the pleasure-boats of every nation, the Palace of Forestry, Hunting and Fishery rises on the right and that of Navigation and Commerce on the left of the broad avenue which, passing under the colossal archways of the Eiffel tower, whose thousand feet of iron lacework adventures the heavens "with the airy security of a cobweb," leads down between two long lines of palaces, of varied but congruous design, and brings the sight-seer to the magnificent Chateau d'Eau, or Water Palace, and its attendant wonder, the Palace of Electricity, which rises behind and above it. Though architecturally distinct, these two structures are really parts of one plan.

science and its tributary arts in recent times is adequately recognized in the 1900 Exposition by assigning it, in the classification, a Group by itself and by constructing for its use the largest of the special palaces. The building is one thousand two hundred and seventy-five feet long and



TRANSPORTATION AND CIVIL ENGINEERING BUILDING.

In the central portion of the Water Palace, which has a frontage of more than two hundred feet, a vast number of cascades and waterfalls, fed by over half a million gallons of water every hour, will play, to whose agreeable neighborhood numerous promenades will conduct. The principal waterfall will be about thirty feet wide and nearly one hundred feet high; from the midst of it will rise a colossal sculptured allegorical group representing "Humanity, guided by Progress, advancing toward the Future."

The marvelous development of electrical

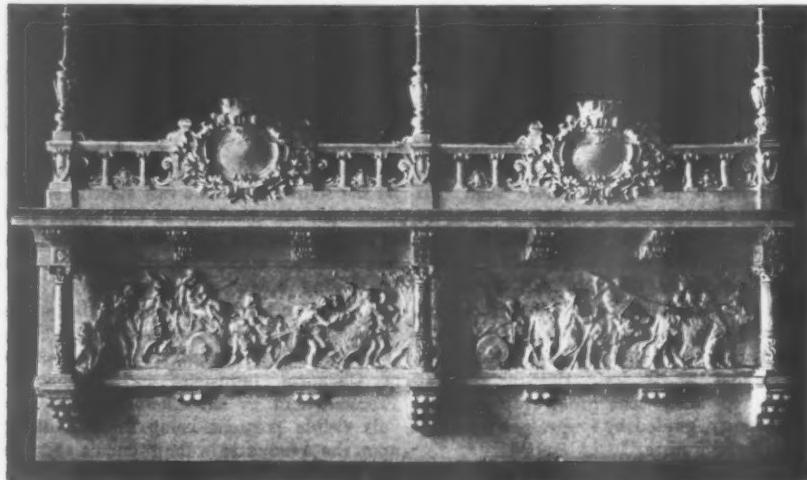
two hundred and fifty feet wide, and will be the source of all the vast electric energy used upon the grounds, as well as the field of illustration and display for the numberless wonders which investigators in this fascinating branch of knowledge are constantly augmenting. Reaching the entire width of the Champ de Mars, the building is almost wholly concealed by the Palaces of Chemical Industries and Mechanical Processes and by the Chateau d'Eau, the only visible portions being those abutting upon the Avenue de la Bourdonnais and the Avenue de Suffren, and the façade above

the Water Palace. And on this façade the architect, M. Hénard, has lavished a wealth of tasteful invention. Its central portion is developed in trilobate form to a height of nearly two hundred and twenty feet from the ground, where it is surmounted by a striking figure of the genius of Electricity in a radiant chariot drawn by Pegasus, typifying the poetry of the science, harnessed with a dragon personifying its elemental force. The coping of this façade for a distance of a hundred and fifty feet is built of glass and burnished metal, and a great sun of glass hangs just back of the statue itself. Seen in the bright light of a clear day, the effect must be most beautiful. But the full witchery of this cunning creation can be felt only at night when, bathed in the changing hues of a myriad electric lamps, the high pediment will seem to be afloat in the sky, a luminous floral pathway for the goddess as she steps, like another Minerva, full-panoplied from heaven.

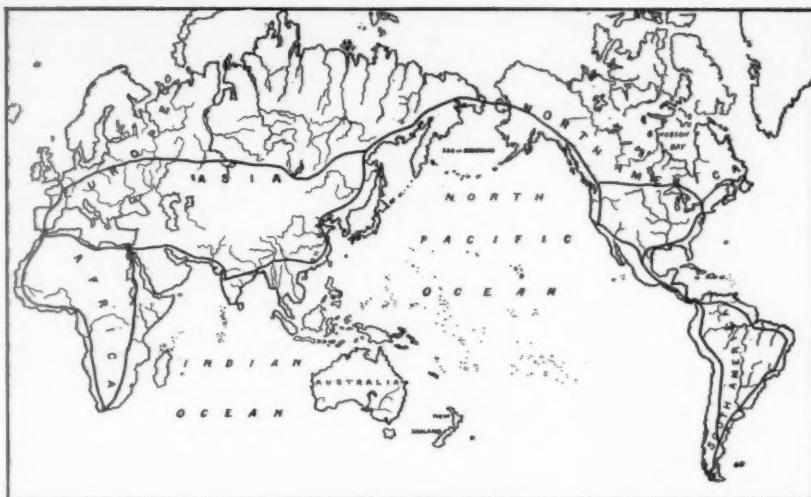
The huge Palace of Machinery of the 1889 fair has been retained, although its name and office have been changed. It is situated directly behind the Palace of Electricity and will contain, in its two extremities, the exhibits of Agriculture and Food Products. The central portion is to be made into a splendid Festival Hall (*Salle des Fêtes*) nearly five hundred feet square, with seats for twenty thousand auditors. It will be suitably decorated with gigantic

paintings and sculpture. Here the great musical and other imposing public functions of the Exposition will be held.

As one stands with one's back to the Eiffel tower and faces the great waterfall and the dazzling chariot of Electricity, the following palaces lie to the right: Education, Literature, Science and Art; Civil Engineering; Transportation; Chemical Industries. To the left are: Mining and Metallurgy; Threads, Yarns and Clothing; Mechanical Processes. All of them the visitor may visit, and in what order he will. But if his first object be, like ours now, merely to inspect the grounds in outline and to learn the location and general character of the principal buildings, he will at this point retrace his steps to the southerly end of the Pont d'Iéna, turn thence to the right on the Quai d'Orsay and, passing in succession the buildings of Navigation and Commerce, already mentioned, of the Army and Navy, and the varied and interesting palaces erected by the different foreign powers, he will come at length again to the Bridge of Alexander III., this time at its southern extremity, and, casting behind him at the Esplanade des Invalides a glance regretful that he must for the present forego a closer study of its numerous attractions, he will cross the bridge and follow the Cours la Reine until he once more stands in the restful amplitude of the Place de la Concorde.



DETAIL OF FAÇADE OF TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



THE COSMOPOLITAN RAILWAY.

GREAT ENGINEERING PROJECTS.

BY WALTER C. HAMM.

THE two great material conquests which mark the nineteenth century are the building of the Pacific railroads and the digging of the Suez canal. The two make possible an almost direct line of travel around the globe, seven-eighths of which is by water and one-eighth by land.

It is in the direction of these achievements that the victories over nature of the first quarter of the twentieth century will probably be won. A number of great enterprises have been projected already, nine of which have been brought within the domain of probabilities.

In March, 1891, Czar Alexander III. signed the ukase giving the imperial sanction to a railroad across Siberia. The enterprise was actually begun in December, 1892, but five years passed and the work was half done before the world realized that Russia was building a railroad across Asia which would disturb established routes of commerce, add immensely to the material resources and the military power of the great northern empire and bring a country hitherto little known into touch with civilization and progress.

The official starting-point of the Siberian railroad is Tcheliabinsk, within the Ural

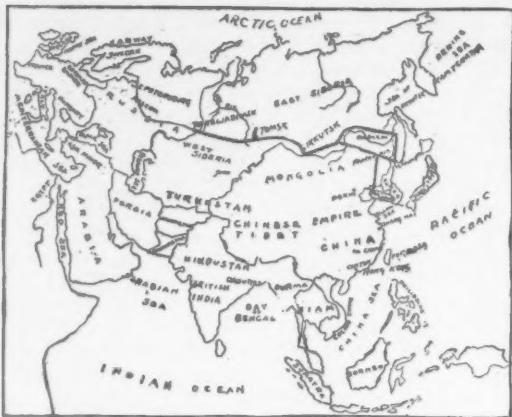
mountains, which form the boundary line between Europe and Asia. The route, and distances from either end, measured in versts, can be seen in the map of the Siberian railroad and the following table:

From Tcheliabinsk to	Vladivostock to
	7,083
1,400.....	Omsk.....
3,060.....	Irkoutsk.....
4,350.....	Strietensk.....
6,350.....	Ossouri river.....
7,083.....	Vladivostock.....
7,083 versts = 4,525 miles.	

This is the route as originally surveyed, but Russia's control of Manchuria and acquisition of Port Arthur and Talienshan have suggested a change of the eastern terminus.

As now planned the new route leaves the main line at Chita, in Siberia, and cuts almost straight across country to Vladivostock, with a branch line running south to Talienshan and Port Arthur. It is likely that events will not suggest or force any further changes and that the road as now planned will be finished by 1903.

It is three hundred and twenty years since the conquest of Siberia by the Cossack criminal, Vasili Zermak, began. With a



THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

band of lawless followers he crossed the Ural mountains and invaded a country which was then known to Europe only by the tales of merchant fur-traders. How much of western Siberia he subdued is uncertain, but when he died in 1584 the territory he had won fell to Russia.

Russian armies were pushed slowly but surely toward the east and reached the Pacific ocean in 1639. A few slices of territory were taken off China and added to the southern limits, and Siberia as we know it to-day came into existence. For more than two centuries and a half this vast area of five million three hundred and twelve thousand square miles has remained almost unknown to the outside world.

Two or three hundred miles inland from the irregular shore of the Arctic ocean the land is desolate and inhospitable, ice-covered and frozen for much of the year and moss-covered and treacherous during the few months of mild temperature. Going southward these conditions gradually fade into a more hospitable region, the chief products of which are poplars, firs and pines, whose dense foliage makes travel difficult.

Still farther south is another region with broad stretches of arable land and capable of sustaining a population of millions. There are, however, no hard and fast lines defining these three belts of Siberia. The river-valleys carry the cultivable land far to the north, and between them the forests trend southward.

A new industrial era is about to open for Russia, its material wealth will be vastly increased and its influence in the family of nations will be greatly enlarged.

For centuries Russia has been slowly consolidating its power and making its headship of the Slav races secure. Denied a seacoast to the south, it has turned its attention to extending its boundaries in Central Asia and to bringing into sympathy with itself the peoples whose aid it might need. With eight million five hundred thousand square miles of territory in Europe and Asia and

with one hundred and twenty-five million of docile people, its influence on the world's history during the twentieth century must constantly increase.

The progress of the Russian westward has been checked, permanently probably, but eastward no prophet can outline his future empire. It seems destined to broaden and grow, and no factor will contribute more to this result than the great Siberian railroad.

When the waters of the Baltic sea are joined to the waters of the Pacific ocean by a continuous line of railroad, the project of uniting Cape Town in South Africa to Cairo in Egypt will probably be nearing completion.

This "Cape to Cairo" road as planned will run through the eastern half of Africa, uniting the Southern Atlantic ocean and the Mediterranean sea. The great African railroad will be more than one thousand miles longer than the Siberian road the Russians are building.

The length of the latter as originally planned is four thousand five hundred and twenty-five miles; the length of the former is five thousand six hundred and forty-one miles. From Cairo southward one thousand three hundred and forty-one miles to Khartoum are built, and from Cape Town northward to Bulawayo one thousand three hundred and seventy-three miles are in operation. The gap of two thousand nine hundred and fifty miles between these two points has yet to be filled.

There are no great engineering difficulties to be surmounted, such as were overcome in carrying the Pacific railroads over the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains. The route is mainly along the back of the central plateau of Africa or through river-valleys which offer no great obstacles to railroad-building.

And if the money were forthcoming and the right of way around Lake Tanganyika were granted, it would be no exaggeration to predict the running of trains from Cape Town to Cairo in five years.

Africa is the last of the five great continents to be opened to modern civilization and trade. It lies at the doors of Europe and claims the oldest civilization known, but it has had to wait until the Americas, three thousand miles away, were almost subdued and peopled before the energy and population could be spared to undertake its exploitation.

Livingstone's and Stanley's travels and discoveries excited romantic interest rather than genuine hope that Africa could be peopled and civilized. And it was only by tentative efforts down the valley of the Nile, by slow approaches up from the Cape of Good Hope and by many fruitless trials along the Congo river and from the eastern coast, that it was at last demonstrated that a good share of Africa is uninhabitable, and that many of the stories of deserts and of regions unfit for the white man were proved false.

Light has been let in on the "Dark Continent," and instead of being known

as the continent of the Great Sahara desert and the home of the slave-trade, Africa has become the spoil of the European nations who are grasping eagerly at its territory.

This table shows the distance from both ends of the "Cape to Cairo" railroad, in miles, while the map outlines the route:

From Cape.	From Cairo.
5,664.	Cairo
5,081.	Assouan
4,881.	Wady Halfa
4,503.	Berber
4,323.	Khartoum
3,873.	Fashoda
3,123.	Albert Nyanza
2,413.	Tanganyika
1,373.	Bulawayo
673.	Kimberley
	5,017
	Cape Town
	5,664

The Pan-American railroad, which is intended to connect North, Central and South America, is a much greater enterprise than either the Siberian or the African railroad.

In length it will almost equal the combined length of the Asiatic and African roads.

As now surveyed from New York city to Buenos Ayres it will be ten thousand two hundred and twenty-one miles long, and to finish and equip it will cost at least two hundred million dollars. This length and cost will also be increased when the line is extended through Patagonia to the southern limits of South America.

The complete surveys made by a commission appointed by Congress prove that a practicable route can be found and the road built within a reasonable time. The route of this road can be traced on the map, while the following table shows the distances, the miles built and the gaps to be filled:



	Built.	Proposed.	Totals.
United States.....	2,094	2,094
Mexico.....	1,183	461	1,644
Total North America.....	3,277	461	3,738
Guatemala.....	43	126	169
San Salvador.....	64	166	230
Honduras.....	71	71
Nicaragua.....	103	106	209
Costa Rica.....	360	360
Total Central America.....	210	829	1,039
Colombia.....	...	1,354	1,354
Ecuador.....	...	658	658
Peru.....	151	1,033	1,784
Bolivia.....	195	392	587
Argentina.....	936	125	1,061
Total South America.....	1,282	4,162	5,444
Grand totals.....	4,769	5,452	10,221

The demands of trade may compel early construction of this railroad. It is doubtful if a remunerative commerce can be built up between North and South America by ship. The conformation of the eastern coast of South America compels a long detour to the east, and brings a ship almost as near to the ports of Europe as to the ports of the United States. The exports of South America, being mainly agricultural, will find a readier sale in Europe than in this country, and when they are exchanged for the cheap manufactured goods of that continent the conditions for trade are supplied. If, for these reasons, this

country cannot build up a commerce with South America by water, a quicker means of transit must be had, such as the Pan-American railroad would provide.

The obstacles to be overcome are great. They surpass the difficulties in the way of the Siberian or the "Cape to Cairo" road. But the results will be correspondingly greater.

South America has greater undeveloped resources than any other continent. Its agricultural possibilities are boundless. It

has the greatest rivers in the world; its soil can produce any crop grown on the earth, and its mines of gold, silver and coal have been scarcely touched.

A railroad which would traverse the coffee lands of the Central American states, pass through the mines of Peru and penetrate the rich pampas of Brazil and Argentina, must have great possibilities before it.

The products of the three great valleys of the Orinoco, the Amazon and the Paraguay rivers would find a market by

means of it, and the riches of the mines of the Incas be shown to surpass those of California and South Africa.

One of the boldest of the railroad schemes now projected proposes to build an all-rail line from London, England, to Hong Kong, China.

Starting at London, the contemplated route lies through a tunnel under the Straits of Dover. Then, taking a southerly direction through France and Spain, another tunnel carries the road under the Strait of Gibraltar to Africa. Skirting the northern shore of that continent, the proposed London, North Africa and Southern Asiatic railroad enters

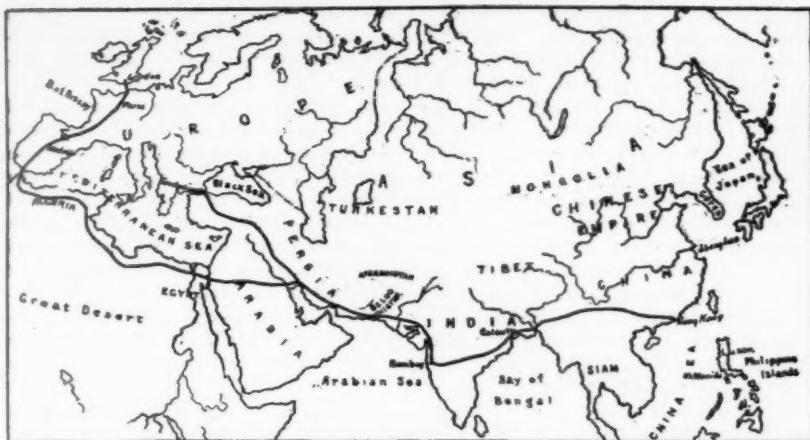
Egypt, and crosses the Canal and Isthmus of Suez into Arabia.

Having passed through Arabia and entered the valley of the Euphrates, it makes a junction with another railroad, which has crossed the Bosphorus at Constantinople and penetrated through the heart of Asia Minor to the borders of Persia.

With the two lines joined, the route lies through Persia and Beloochistan to Bombay, India, and crosses India to Calcutta, into Burmah, from which a door into



THE PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY.



THE LONDON, BOMBAY AND HONG KONG RAILWAY.

China can be found through a pass in the eastern Himalayan mountains. And once that the road is in the valley of the Yangtse-Kiang river, the Pacific ocean can be easily reached at Hong Kong or Shanghai.

Its route, as shown by the map of the Southern Asiatic railroad, lies through countries which were the seat of the highest civilization known before the Christian era. A dense population along much of the way would contribute to its traffic, and a new life would be lent to Asia Minor and Northern Africa.

More immediate results would follow the building of this road than in the case of the Siberian, the "Cape to Cairo" or the Pan-American road. The five hundred million people of India and lower China would find a new outlet, be brought into closer touch with modern civilization and awakened to a new career.

With the whistle of the locomotive sounding among the ruins of Carthage and Egypt and waking the echoes in Asia Minor along the routes over which Darius and Xerxes led up their Persian hosts to conquer Greece, and down which Alexander the Great passed to his victories and the Crusaders marched to the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher, one of the greatest triumphs of the steam-railroad would be achieved.

There are other railroads planned to enter Asia from Europe, but none of them has taken definite form and shape as yet.

But the four projects outlined in Asia, Africa and America may all be completed before the first quarter of the twentieth century is ended. And along with them will be finished another great scheme, a canal across Central America, or the Isthmus of Panama, connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific.

While there are now only two plans for this canal prominently before the public, a great number of routes have been suggested.

A clear idea of these various schemes can be gathered from the accompanying map of Central American canals, where five of them are outlined.

The Nicaragua canal is the longest of the proposed routes, being one hundred and sixty-nine and one-half miles from the Caribbean sea to the Pacific ocean. It is claimed in its favor that much of it would run through natural river-channels and across lakes, which would serve as feeders to the canal. The climate is also the most healthful possessed by any of the routes suggested.

But against it, it is said, that the numerous locks and dams demanded would make it a piece of machinery so delicate that a slight accident would render the whole canal useless.

Next in feasibility comes the Panama route, which has the advantage of being only forty-six miles long, or a little more than one-quarter the length of the Nicaragua route. The work on it is also about

one-third done. But great difficulties would have to be overcome. The canal would have to be carried by a tunnel under a mountain range which forms the backbone of the isthmus, or taken over the mountains by locks with only a precarious supply of water to depend upon. The Chagres river, a mountain stream subject to great and sudden rises, would also have to be controlled by a costly dam.

The San Blas route has dropped almost wholly out of the discussion, although at one time it was popular with many. As surveyed it would be twenty-seven and one-half miles long, seven of which miles would be a tunnel through the Cordillera mountains. If it were not for the tunnel this would be an ideal sea-level route.

Still farther south is the Caledonian bay route, which is nearly as short as the San Blas route, but it has been discarded as impracticable.

The fifth route is known as the Darien route, which proposes to make use of the Gulf of Darien and the Atrato river, and go thence by canal to the Pacific. It has been pronounced unavailable, however, and is no longer considered. One of these routes will be chosen for the canal which is to cut the divide and connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans early in the next century.

It was in September, 1513, that Balboa first looked out upon the broad Pacific, then unnamed and untraversed by the white man.

It would be a fitting monument to the latter's achievement if the canal which is to unite with the Atlantic ocean the waters of the great ocean he was the first white

man to look upon, were finished and opened to commerce in September, 1913, the four-hundredth anniversary of Balboa's discovery.

The American public is less acquainted with projected European canals than with the plans for cutting the Central American isthmus. One canal is being planned by France to cross that country and connect the Atlantic ocean with the Mediterranean sea. Such a canal would save one thousand miles of the voyage from the western coast of France to the East.

The map of France shows that the headwaters of the rivers Loire and Rhone nearly

touch each other. The former river drains the central provinces of France, and flowing generally in an eastwardly direction empties into the Atlantic a few miles east of the ancient town of Nantes. The latter river, with its main branch, the Saône, drains the southeastern provinces of France and empties into the Gulf of Lyons, an arm of the Mediterranean

sea, near the city of Marseilles. By utilizing the channels of these two rivers and deepening the canals which exist between their headwaters, a water-route large enough to float war- or merchant-vessels would be provided through France, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean sea.

The results that would follow the building of such a canal would be more than commercial. There would be important political effects. The possession of the fortress of Gibraltar now gives Great Britain the command of the western entrance to the Mediterranean and a great advantage over other nations in time of war.



THE FRENCH CANAL.



THE RUSSIAN CANAL.

A ship-canal through France, by providing another means of entrance and exit from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, would greatly lessen the value of Gibraltar and compel a recasting of European politics. The political power of France would be greatly increased and its importance among the nations of Europe strengthened.

It is for these reasons, doubtless, that the French war and naval departments are so anxious to have work on the proposed canal begun. They doubtless foresee that in no other way can France so quickly recover the position it once held in European affairs.

The canal Russia is planning to dig from the Baltic to the Black sea is similar in many respects to the proposed French canal, as the accompanying map shows.

It has reached a more definite stage, however. The purpose is the same in both canals, and the plan of utilizing river-beds is the same.

Starting from Riga on the Baltic sea, the route follows the river Duna as far as it is navigable, or to Dunaberg. From that point a canal will be dug to the Beresina river, a tributary of the Dneiper river. The channels of these rivers will be deepened to float the largest war-ships to the mouth of the Dneiper river at Kherson, on the Black sea. The length of this canal as surveyed will be nine hundred and ninety-four miles, but only one hundred and twenty-five of artificial excavation will be necessary. The cost is estimated at seventy-seven million dollars.

The building of this canal will nearly double Russia's sea-power. Her Black sea and Baltic sea fleets are now separated by one thousand miles of land and can be united only by a long detour around southern and western Europe, after permission has been granted to pass through the Dardanelles. But when the Baltic and Black seas are united by a canal, the entire fleet can be concentrated in the north or the south without going outside Russian territory.

The great Nile dam is one of the achievements which the first few years of the new century will see finished. The project is simple in design, but stupendous in proportions.

At the First Cataract, four miles south of Assouan and two hundred miles south



THE PANAMA CANALS.

of Cairo, as the crow flies, a wall of solid masonry is being built across the Nile valley. It will be one hundred feet high and seventy-five feet thick at the highest and thickest parts.

The wall will be a mile and a quarter in length from east to west and wide enough at the top to serve as a bridge from shore to shore. The waters of the Nile will be backed up for miles to the south, and an artificial lake formed, nearly three times the area of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. It will hold two hundred and fifty billion gallons of water, the outflow of which will be controlled by sluice-gates, to be opened or closed as the demand for water in the valley below may require.

The purpose of this great scheme is to add artificial means of irrigation to the natural irrigation furnished by the annual rise of the Nile. It will help to restore to Egypt the agricultural fertility which once made that country the granary of the world, and which enabled Joseph to store up the corn that saved his father and brethren from famine.

The cultivable area of Egypt at present does not exceed eleven thousand square miles, and it is expected that the Nile dam will add nearly two thousand five hundred square miles to this area. In November, when the Nile overflow has subsided, the gates will be closed and the water allowed to accumulate until the end of the following April. Then the gates will be opened one after another and the parched fields of the Nile valley given the moisture they crave during May, June and July, or until the annual overflow begins. The result will be to increase by millions of dollars the annual value of Egypt's yield of wheat, corn and sugar.

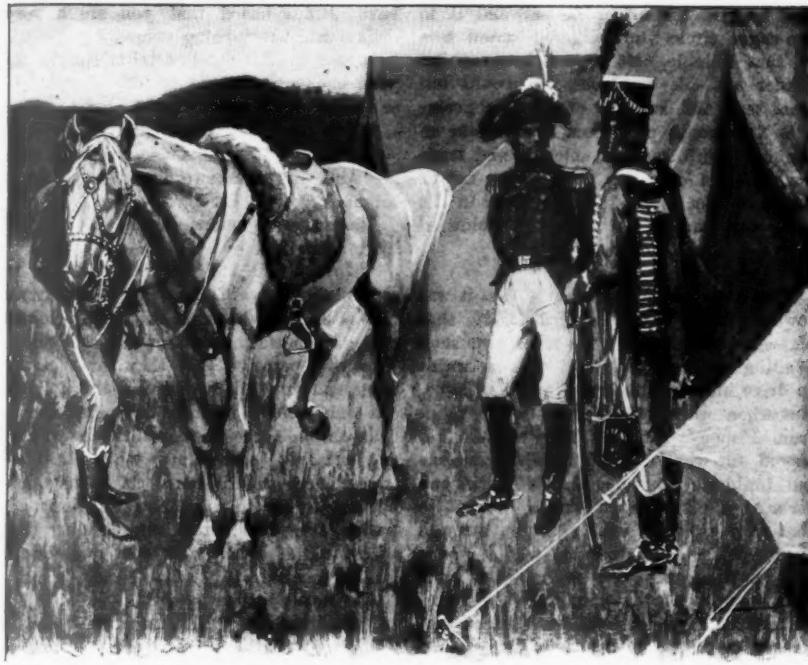
The draining of the Zuyder zee will be added to the achievements of the next thirty years. It is an engineering scheme of large proportions for so small a kingdom as Holland, but the persevering character of the Dutch people leaves no doubt that it will be finished, now that it has been begun. It is over six hundred years since the waters of the North sea broke through the sand barriers and completed the inundation of the lowlands which now form the bottom of the Zuyder zee. It had been a country of thriving villages and smiling

farms. It is to restore it to its former condition and add the seven hundred and eighty-seven square miles of land the sea covers to the productive area of Holland, that a strong dike is to be built across the mouth from Wieringen to Stavoren and the water pumped out. The land redeemed from the sea, it is estimated, will be worth six hundred million dollars, and the productive wealth of Holland increased one-fifteenth.

All the projects so far outlined pale, however, before the great cosmopolitan railway proposed by the late Ex-Governor Gilpin of Colorado. It is a scheme for uniting the five continents by one system of railroad, which would enable a traveler to go from continent to continent and almost around the world without a change of cars.

As mapped out, the route leads from London, England, down the western coast of Africa to Cape Town and up along the eastern coast of Constantinople, thence to St. Petersburg, in Russia, and by the Siberian railroad to Kamtschatka or along the Southern Asiatic road to the same destination, across Bering strait to America, through British Columbia and the United States to New York city, and thence again by the Pan-American railroad to Patagonia, from which a return journey can be made to the place of starting. It is a continent-girdling scheme.

But bold as this scheme appears, there is really nothing impracticable about it. With the aid of modern methods it presents fewer difficulties than the building of the Pacific railroads did in 1865. The only great obstacle to overcome is the crossing of the Bering strait. The narrowest part of this strait is from Cape Prince of Wales, in Alaska, to East Cape, in Siberia, a distance of forty-eight miles. But almost exactly in the middle lies the island of Diomede, with an area as large as Manhattan island, New York. If the depth of water at this part of the strait is, as claimed, only forty feet, with a firm, solid bottom for piers and with an entire absence of icebergs, there are no insurmountable obstacles in the way of the erection of a bridge from shore to shore. Then the most daring railroad scheme which has yet been outlined could be realized.



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

"I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD THAT YOU ARE A VERY GALLANT AND ENTERPRISING OFFICER."

THE CRIME OF THE BRIGADIER.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

IN all the great hosts of France there was only one officer toward whom the English of Wellington's army retained a deep, steady and unchangeable hatred. There were plunderers among the French, and men of violence, gamblers, duelists and roués. All these could be forgiven, for others of their kidney were to be found among the ranks of the English. But one officer of Massena's force had committed a crime which was unspeakable, unheard-of, abominable, only to be alluded to with curses, late in the evening, when a second bottle had loosened the tongues of men. The news of it was carried back to England, and country gentlemen who knew little of the details of the war grew crimson with passion when they heard of it, and yeomen of the shires raised freckled fists to heaven and swore. And yet who should

be the doer of this dreadful deed but our friend the Brigadier Etienne Gerard of the Hussars of Conflans, gay-riding, plume-tossing, debonair, the darling of the ladies and of the six brigades of light cavalry.

But the strange part of it is that this gallant gentleman did this hateful thing, and made himself the most unpopular man in the Peninsula, without ever knowing that he had done a crime for which there is hardly a name amid all the resources of our language. He died of old age and never once, in that imperturbable self-confidence which adorned or disfigured his character, knew that so many thousand Englishmen would gladly have hanged him with their own hands. On the contrary, he numbered this adventure among those other exploits which he has given to the world, and many a time he chuckled

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and hugged himself as he narrated it to the eager circle who gathered round him in that humble café where, between his dinner and his dominoes, he would tell amid tears and laughter of that inconceivable Napoleonic past when France, like an angel of wrath, rose up, splendid and terrible, before a cowering continent. Let us listen to him as he tells the story in his own way and from his own point of view:—

You must know, my friends, that it was toward the end of the year 1810 that Massena and I and the others pushed Wellington backward until we had hoped to drive him and his army into the Tagus. But when we were still twenty-five miles from Lisbon we found that we were betrayed, for what had this Englishman done but build an enormous line of works and forts at a place called Torres Vedras, so that even we were unable to get through them. They lay across the whole Peninsula, and our army was so far from home that we did not dare to risk a reverse, and we had already learned at Busaco that it was no child's play to fight against these people. What could we do then but sit down in front of these lines and blockade them to the best of our power? There we remained for six months amid such anxieties that Massena said afterward that he had not one hair upon his body which was not white. For my own part, I did not worry much about our situation, but I looked after our horses, who were in much need of rest and green fodder. For the rest, we drank the wine of the country and passed the time as best we might. There was a lady at Santarem—but my lips are sealed. It is the part of a gallant man to say nothing, though he may indicate that he could say a great deal.

One day Massena sent for me, and I found him in his tent with a great plan pinned upon the table. He looked at me in silence with that single piercing eye of his, and I felt by his expression that the matter was serious. He was nervous and ill at ease, but my bearing seemed to reassure him. It is good to be in contact with brave men.

"Col. Etienne Gerard," said he, "I

have always heard that you are a very gallant and enterprising officer."

It was not for me to confirm such a report, and yet it would be folly to deny it, so I clinked my spurs together and saluted.

"You are also an excellent rider."

I admitted it.

"And the best swordsman in the six brigades of light cavalry."

Massena was famous for the accuracy of his information.

"Now," said he, "if you will look at this plan you will have no difficulty in understanding what it is that I wish you to do. These are the lines of Torres Vedras. You will perceive that they cover a vast space and you will realize that the English can only hold a position here and there. Once through the lines, you have twenty-five miles of open country which lies between them and Lisbon. It is very important to me to learn how Wellington's troops are distributed throughout that space, and it is my wish that you should go and ascertain."

His words turned me cold.

"Sir," said I, "it is impossible that a Colonel of Light Infantry should condescend to act as a spy."

He laughed and clapped me on the shoulder.

"You would not be a hussar if you were not a hothead," said he. "If you will listen, you will understand that I have not asked you to act as a spy. What do you think of that horse?"

He had conducted me to the opening of his tent, and there was a chasseur who led up and down a most admirable creature. He was a dapple-gray, not very tall, a little over fifteen hands perhaps, but with the short head and splendid arch of the neck which come with the Arab blood. His shoulders and haunches were so muscular, and yet his legs so fine, that it thrilled me with joy just to gaze upon him. A fine horse or a beautiful woman, I cannot look at one unmoved, even now when seventy winters have chilled my blood. You can think how it was in the year '10.

"This," said Massena, "is Voltigeur, the swiftest horse in our army. What I desire is that you should start to-night, ride round the lines upon the flank, make

Drawing by Max F. Kiepffer.

"I SAT ON MY DEAD HORSE AND SANK MY FACE IN MY HANDS IN MY DESPAIR."



your way across the enemy's rear, and return upon the other flank, bringing me news of his dispositions. You will wear a uniform, and will, therefore, if captured be safe from the death of a spy. It is probable that you will get through the lines unchallenged, for the posts are very scattered. Once through in daylight, you can outride anything which you meet, and if you keep off the roads you may escape entirely unnoticed. If you have not reported yourself by to-morrow night, I will understand that you are taken, and I will offer them Colonel Petrie in exchange."

Ah, how my heart swelled in pride and joy as I sprang into the saddle and galloped this grand horse up and down to show the Marshal the mastery which I had of him! He was magnificent—we were both magnificent, for Massena clapped his hands and cried out in his delight. It was not I, but he, who said that a gallant beast deserves a gallant rider. Then, when, for the third time, with my panache flying and my dolman streaming behind me, I thundered past him, I saw upon his hard old face that he had no longer any doubt that he had chosen the man for his purpose. I drew my saber, raised the hilt to my lips in salute and galloped on to my own quarters. Already the news had spread that I had been chosen for a mission, and my little rascals came swarming out of their tents to cheer me. Ah! it brings the tears to my old eyes when I think how proud they were of their colonel. And I was proud of them also. They deserved a dashing leader.

The night promised to be a stormy one, which was very much to my liking. It was my desire to keep my departure most secret, for it was evident that if the English heard I had been detached from the army they would naturally conclude that something important was about to happen. My horse was taken, therefore, beyond the picket-line, as if for watering, and I followed and mounted him there. I had a map, a compass, and a paper of instructions from the Marshal, and with these in the bosom of my tunic and my saber at my side I set out upon my adventure.

A thin rain was falling and there was no

moon, so you may imagine that it was not very cheerful. But my heart was light at the thought of the honor which had been done me and the glory which awaited me. This exploit should be one more in that brilliant series which was to change my saber into a baton. Ah, how we dreamed, we foolish fellows, young and drunk with success! Could I have foreseen that night as I rode, the chosen man of sixty thousand, that I should spend my life planting cabbages on a hundred francs a month! Oh, my youth, my hopes, my comrades! But the wheel turns and never stops. Forgive me, my friends, for an old man has his weakness.

My route then lay across the face of the high ground of Torres Vedras, then over a streamlet past a farm-house which had been burnt down and was now only a landmark, then through a forest of young cork-oaks, and so to the monastery of San Antonio, which marked the left of the English position. Here I turned south and rode quietly over the downs, for it was at this point that Massena thought it would be most easy for me to find my way unobserved through the position. I went very slowly, for it was so dark that I could not see my hand in front of me. In such cases I leave my bridle loose and let my horse pick its own way. Voltigeur went confidently forward, and I was very content to sit upon his back and peer about me, avoiding every light. For three hours we advanced in this cautious way, until it seemed to me that I must have left all danger behind me. I then pushed on more briskly, for I wished to be in the rear of the whole army by daybreak. There are in these parts many vineyards which in winter become open plains, and a horseman finds few difficulties in his way.

But Massena had underrated the cunning of these English, for it appears that there was not one line of defense but three, and it was the third, which was the most formidable, through which I was at that instant passing. As I rode, elated at my own success, a lantern flashed suddenly before me, and I saw the glint of polished gun-barrels and the gleam of a red coat. "Who goes there?" cried a voice—such a voice! I swerved to the right and rode like a madman, but a dozen squirts of fire

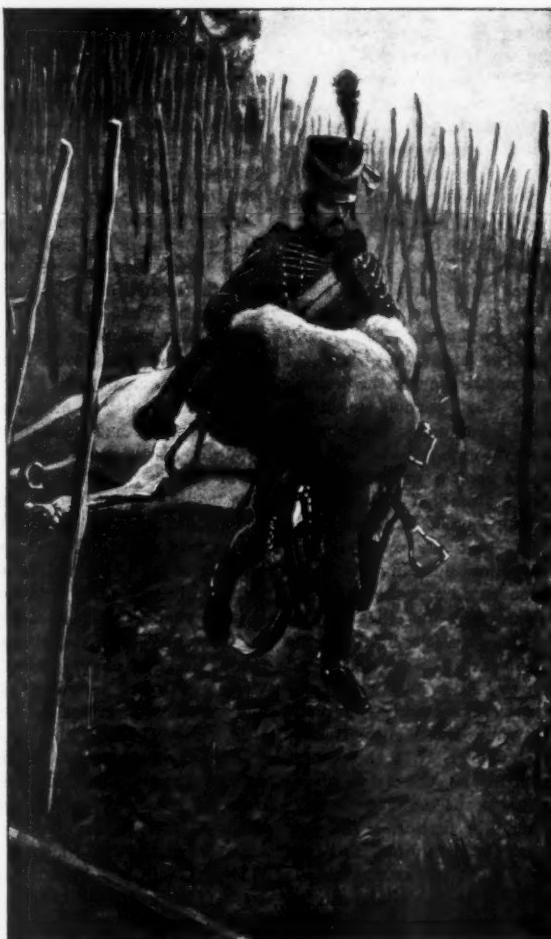
came out of the darkness and the bullets whizzed all round my ears. That was no new sound to me, my friends, though I will not talk like a foolish conscript and say that I have ever liked it. But at least it has never kept me from thinking clearly, and so I knew that there was nothing for it but to gallop hard and try my luck elsewhere. I rode round the picket of the English, and then, as I heard nothing more of them, I concluded rightly that I had at last come through their defenses. For five miles I rode south, striking a tinder from time to time to look at my pocket compass. And then in an instant—I feel the pang once more as my memory brings back the moment—my horse without a sob or stagger fell stone-dead beneath me.

I had never known it, but one of the bullets from that infernal picket had gone through his body. The gallant creature had never winced or weakened but had gone while life was in him. One instant I was secure on the swiftest, most graceful horse in Massena's army. The next he lay upon

his side, worth only the price of his hide, and I stood there that most helpless, most ungainly of creatures, a dismounted hussar. What could I do with my boots, my spurs, my trailing saber? I was far inside the enemy's lines. How could I hope to get back again? I am not ashamed to say that I, Etienne Gerard, sat on my dead horse and sank my face in my hands in my despair. Already the first streaks were whitening the east. In half an hour it would be daylight. That I should have won my way past every obstacle and then at this last instant be left at the mercy of my enemies, my mission ruined and myself a prisoner—was it not enough to break a soldier's heart?

But courage, friends! We have these moments of weakness, the bravest of us, but I have a spirit like a slip of steel, for the more you bend it

the higher it springs. One spasm of despair, and then a brain of ice and a heart of fire. All was not yet lost. I who had come through so many hazards would come through this one also. I rose from my horse and



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

"I TOOK THE SADDLE, HOLSTERS AND BRIDLE . . . AND
I CONCEALED THEM AMONG SOME BUSHES."

considered what would best be done.

And first of all it was certain that I could not get back. Long before I could pass the lines it would be broad daylight. I must conceal myself for the day and then devote the next night to my escape. I took the saddle, holsters and bridle from poor Voltigeur, and I concealed them among some bushes so that no one finding him would know that he was a French horse. Then, leaving him lying there, I wandered on in search of some place where I might lie hid for the day. In every direction I could see camp-fires upon the sides of the hills, and already figures had begun to move around them. I must hide quickly or I was lost.

But where was I to hide? It was a vineyard in which I found myself, the poles of the vines still standing but the plants gone. There was no cover there. Besides, I should want some food and water before another night had come. I hurried wildly onward through the waning darkness, trusting that chance would be my friend. And I was not disappointed. Chance is a woman, my friends, and she has her eye always upon a gallant hussar.

Well, then, as I stumbled through the vineyard, something loomed in front of me and I came upon a great, square house with another long, low building upon one side of it. Three roads met there, and it was easy to see that this was the posada, or wine-shop. There was no light in the windows and everything was dark and silent, but of course I knew that such comfortable quarters were certainly occupied, and probably by some one of importance. I have learned, however, that the nearer the danger may really be the safer place, and so I was by no means inclined to trust myself away from this shelter. The low building was evidently the stable, and into this I crept, for the door was unlatched. The place was full of bullocks and sheep, gathered there, no doubt, to be out of the clutches of marauders. A ladder ran up to a loft, and up this I climbed, and concealed myself very snugly among some bales of hay upon the top. This loft had a small open window and I was able to look down upon the front of the inn and also upon the road. There I crouched and waited to see what would happen.

It was soon evident that I had not been mistaken when I had thought that this might be the quarters of some person of importance. Shortly after daybreak an English light dragoon arrived with a dispatch, and from then onward the place was in a turmoil, officers continually riding up and away. Always the same name was upon their lips, "Sir Stapleton—Sir Stapleton!" It was hard for me to lie there with a dry mustache and watch the great flagons which were brought out by the landlord to these English officers. But it amused me to look at their fresh-colored, clean-shaven, careless faces and to wonder what they would think if they knew who was lying so near to them. And then as I lay and watched, I saw a sight which filled me with surprise.

It is incredible the insolence of these English! What do you suppose Milord Wellington had done when he found that Massena had blockaded him and that he could not move his army? I might give you many guesses. You might say that he had raged, that he had despaired, that he had brought his troops together and spoken to them about glory and the fatherland before leading them to one last battle. No, Milord did none of these things. But he sent a fleet ship to England to bring him a number of fox-dogs, and he with his officers settled himself down to chase the fox. It is true what I tell you. Behind the lines of Torres Vedras these mad Englishmen made the fox-chase three days in the week. We had heard of it in the camp, and now I was myself to see that it was true.

For along the road which I have described there came these very dogs, thirty or forty of them, white and brown, each with its tail at the same angle like the bayonets of the Old Guard. My faith, but it was a pretty sight! And behind and amidst them there rode three men with peaked caps and red coats whom I understood to be the hunters. After them came many horsemen with uniforms of various kinds, stringing along the roads in twos and threes, talking together and laughing. They did not seem to be going above a trot, and it appeared to me that it must indeed be a slow fox which they hoped to catch. However, it was their

Drawing by Max F. Kueper.

"HE PLUNGED DOWN THE SLOPE AND GALLONED AFTER THE DOOR."



affair, not mine, and soon they had all passed my window and were out of sight. I waited and I watched ready for any chance which might offer.

Presently an officer in a blue uniform, not unlike that of our flying artillery, came cantering down the road—an elderly, stout man he was, with gray side-whiskers. He stopped and began to talk with an orderly officer of dragoons, who waited outside the inn, and it was then that I learned the advantage of the English which had been taught me by Lieutenant Obriant, the descendant of the Irish kings. I could hear and understand all that was said.

"Where is the meet?" said the officer, and I thought he was hungering for his biftek. But the other answered him that it was near Altara, so I saw that it was a place of which he spoke.

"You are late, Sir George," said the orderly.

"Yes, I had a court-martial. Has Sir Stapleton Cotton gone?"

At this moment window opened, and a handsome young man in a very splendid uniform looked out of it.

"Hullo, Murray!" said he. "These cursed papers keep me, but I will be at your heels."

"Very good, Cotton. I am late already, so I will ride on."

"You might order my groom to bring round my horse," said the young General at the window to the orderly below, while the other went on down the road.

The orderly rode away to some outlying stable, and then in a few minutes there came a smart English groom with a cockade in his hat, leading by the bridle a horse—and oh, my friends, you have never known the perfection to which a horse can attain until you have seen a first-class English hunter! He was superb—tall, broad, strong, and yet as graceful and agile as a deer. Coal-black he was in color; and his neck, and his shoulder, and his quarters, and his fetlocks—how can I describe him all to you! The sun shone upon him as on polished ebony, and he raised his hoofs in a little playful dance so lightly and prettily, while he tossed his mane and whinnied with impatience. Never have I seen such a mixture of strength and beauty and grace. I had often wondered how the English

hussars had managed to ride over the chasseurs of the Guards in the affair at Astorga, but I wondered no longer when I saw the English horses.

There was a ring for fastening bridles at the door of the inn, and the groom tied the horse there while he entered the house. In an instant I had seen the chance which fate had brought to me. Were I in that saddle I should be better off than when I started. Even Voltigeur could not compare with this magnificent creature. To think is to act with me. In one instant I was down the ladder and at the door of the stable. The next I was out and the bridle was in my hand. I bounded into the saddle. Somebody, the master or the man, shouted wildly behind me. What cared I for his shouts? I touched the horse with my spurs and he bounded forward with such a spring that only a rider like myself could have sat him. I gave him his head and let him go—it did not matter to me where, so long as we left this inn far behind us. He thundered away across the vineyards and in a very few minutes I had placed miles between myself and my pursuers. They could no longer tell, in that wild country, in which direction I had gone. I knew that I was safe, and so, riding to the top of a small hill, I drew my pencil and note-book from my pocket and proceeded to make plans of those camps which I could see and to draw the outline of the country.

He was a dear creature upon whom I sat, but it was not easy to draw upon his back, for every now and then his two ears would cock and he would start and quiver with impatience. At first I could not understand this trick of his, but soon I observed that he did it only when a peculiar noise, "Yoy! yoy! yoy!" came from somewhere among the oak woods beneath us. And then suddenly this strange cry changed into a most terrible screaming, with the frantic blowing of a horn. Instantly he went mad—this horse. His eyes blazed. His mane bristled. He bounded from the earth and bounded again, twisting and turning in a frenzy. My pencil flew one way and my note-book another. And then as I looked down into the valley, an extraordinary sight met my eyes. The hunt was streaming down it. The fox I



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

"AT EVERY CUT I HEARD THOSE SHOUTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT FROM BEHIND ME."

could not see, but the dogs were in full cry, their noses down, their tails up, so close together that they might have been one great yellow-and-white moving carpet. And behind them rode the horsemen—my faith, what a sight! Consider every type which a great army could show. Some in hunting-dress, but the most in uniforms—blue dragoons, red dragoons, red-trousered hussars, green riflemen, artillery-men, gold-sashed lancers, and most of all red, red, red, for the infantry officers ride as hard as the cavalry. Such a crowd, some well mounted, some ill, but all flying along as best they might, the subaltern as good as the general, jostling and pushing, spurring and driving, with every thought thrown to the winds save that they should have the blood of this absurd fox! Truly they are an extraordinary people, the English!

But I had little time to watch the hunt or to marvel at these islanders, for of all these mad creatures the very horse upon which I sat was the maddest. You understand that he was himself a hunter and that the crying of these dogs was to him what the call of a cavalry trumpet in the street yonder would be to me. It thrilled him. It drove him wild. Again and again he bounded into the air, and then seizing the bit between his teeth he plunged down the slope and galloped after the dogs. I swore and tugged and pulled, but I was powerless. This English General rode his horse with a snaffle only and the beast had a mouth of iron. It was useless to pull him back. One might as well try to keep a grenadier from a wine-bottle. I gave it up in despair, and settling down in the saddle I prepared for the worst which could befall.

What a creature he was! Never have I felt such a horse between my knees. His great haunches gathered under him with every stride and he shot forward ever faster and faster, stretched like a greyhound, while the wind beat in my face and whistled past my ears. I was wearing our undress jacket, a uniform simple and dark in itself—though some figures give distinction to any uniform—and I had taken the precaution to remove the long panache from my busby. The result was that amidst the mixture of costumes in the

hunt there was no reason why mine should attract attention or why these men, whose thoughts were all with the chase, should give any heed to me. The idea that a French officer might be riding with them was too absurd to enter their minds. I laughed as I rode, for indeed amid all the danger there was something of comic in the situation.

I have said that the hunters were very unequally mounted, and so at the end of a few miles, instead of being one body of men, like a charging regiment, they were scattered over a considerable space, the better riders well up to the dogs and the others trailing away behind. Now, I was as good a rider as any, and my horse was the best of them all, and so you can imagine that it was not long before he carried me to the front. And when I saw the dogs streaming over the open, and the red-coated huntsman behind them, and only seven or eight horsemen between us, then it was that the strangest thing of all happened, for I too went mad, I, Etienne Gerard! In a moment it came upon me, this spirit of sport, this desire to excel, this hatred of the fox. Accursed animal, should he then defy us? Vile robber, his hour was come! Ah, it is a great feeling, this feeling of sport, my friends, this desire to trample the fox under the hoofs of your horse. I have made the fox-chase with the English. I have also, as I may tell you some day, fought the box-fight with the Bustler of Bristol. And I say to you that this sport is a wonderful thing—full of interest as well as of madness.

The farther we went the faster galloped my horse, and soon there were but three men as near the dogs as I was. All thought or fear of discovery had vanished. My brain throbbed, my blood ran hot; only one thing upon earth seemed worth living for, and that was to overtake this infernal fox. I passed one of the horsemen—a hussar like myself. There were only two in front of me now—the one in a black coat, the other the blue artilleryman whom I had seen at the inn. His gray whiskers streamed in the wind but he rode magnificently. For a mile or more we kept in this order, and then as we galloped up a steep slope my lighter weight brought me to the front. I passed them both, and when

I reached the crown I was riding level with the little hard-faced English huntsman. In front of us were the dogs, and then a hundred paces beyond them was a brown wisp of a thing, the fox itself, stretched to the uttermost. The sight of him fired my blood. "Aha, we have you then, assassin!" I cried, and shouted my encouragement to the huntsman. I waved my hand to show him that there was one upon whom he could rely.

And now there were only the dogs between me and my prey. These dogs, whose duty it is to point out the game, were now rather a hindrance than a help to us, for it was hard to know how to pass them. The huntsman felt the difficulty as much as I, for he rode behind them, and could make no progress toward the fox. He was a swift rider but wanting in enterprise. For my part I felt that it would be unworthy of the hussars of Conflans if I could not overcome such a difficulty as this. Was Etienne Gerard to be stopped by a herd of fox-dogs? It was absurd. I gave a shout and spurred my horse. "Hold hard, sir! Hold hard!" cried the huntsman. He was uneasy for me, this good old man, but I reassured him by a wave and a smile. The dogs opened in front of me. One or two may have been hurt, but what would you have? The egg must be broken for the omelette. I could hear the huntsman shouting his congratulations behind me. One more effort and the dogs were all behind me. Only the fox was in front.

Ah, the joy and pride of that moment! To know that I had beaten the English at their own sport. Here were three hundred all thirsting for the life of this animal, and yet it was I who was about to take it. I thought of my comrades of the light cavalry brigade, of my mother, of the Emperor, of France. I had brought honor to each and all. Every instant brought me nearer to the fox. The moment for action had arrived, so I unsheathed my saber. I waved it in the air and the brave English all shouted behind me.

Only then did I understand how difficult is this fox-chase, for one may cut again and again at the creature and never strike him once. He is small and turns quickly from a blow. At every cut I heard those

shouts of encouragement from behind me, and they spurred me to yet another effort. And then at last the supreme moment of my triumph arrived. In the very act of turning I caught him fair with such another backhanded cut as that with which I killed the aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia. He flew into two pieces, his head one way and his tail another. I looked backward and waved the blood-stained saber in the air. For the moment I was exalted—superb.

Ah, how I should have loved to wait to receive the congratulations of these generous enemies! There were fifty of them in sight, and not one who was not waving his hand and shouting. They are not really such a phlegmatic race, the English. A gallant deed in war or in sport will always warm their hearts. As to the old huntsman, he was the nearest to me, and I could see with my own eyes how overcome he was by what he had seen. He was like a man paralyzed, his mouth open, his hand with outspread fingers raised in the air. For a moment my inclination was to return and to embrace him. But already the call of duty was sounding in my ears, and these English, in spite of all the fraternity which exists among sportsmen, would certainly have made me prisoner. There was no hope for my mission now and I had done all I could do. I could see the lines of Massena's camp no very great distance off, for, by a lucky chance, the chase had taken us in that direction. I turned from the dead fox, saluted with my saber, and galloped away.

But they would not leave me so easily, these gallant huntsmen. I was the fox now, and the chase swept bravely over the plain. It was only at the moment when I started for the camp that they could have known that I was a Frenchman, and now the whole swarm of them were at my heels. We were within gunshot of our pickets before they would halt, and then they stood in knots and would not go away but shouted and waved their hands at me. No, I will not think that it was in enmity. Rather would I fancy that a glow of admiration filled their breasts and that their one desire was to embrace the stranger who had carried himself so gallantly and well.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

II.

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

"IS it to be that, in the future, machinery and the captive motor-forces of nature are largely to take the place of human hand and foot in the labor of clothing and feeding the nations; are these branches of industry to be no longer domestic labors?—then, we demand that in the factory and warehouse, wherever machinery has usurped our ancient field, we also have our place, as guiders, controllers and possessors. Is child-bearing to become in the future the labor of but a portion of our sex?—then we demand for those among us who are allowed to take no share in it, compensatory and equally honorable and important fields of social toil. Is the training of human creatures to become a yet more and more onerous and laborious occupation, their education and culture to become increasingly a high art, complex and scientific?—if so, then, we demand that high and complex culture and training for ourselves, which shall fit us for instructing the race which we bring into the world. Is the demand for child-bearing to become so diminished that even in the lives of those among us who are child-bearers, it shall fill no more than half a dozen years out of the three-score-and-ten of human life?—then, we demand that an additional employment be ours which shall fill up with dignity and value the tale of the years not so employed. Is intellectual labor to take ever and increasingly the place of crude muscular exertion in the labor of life?—then we demand for ourselves that culture and the freedom of action which alone can yield us the knowledge of life and the intellectual vigor and strength which will enable us to undertake the same share of mental which we have borne in the past in physical labors of life. Are the rulers of the race to be no more its kings and queens, but the mass of the peoples?—then, we, one-half of the nations, demand our full queens' share in the duties and labors of government and legis-

lation. Slowly but determinately, as the old fields of labor close up and are submerged behind us, we demand entrance into the new.

"We make this demand, not for our own sakes alone, but for the succor of the race.

"A horseman, riding alone on a dark night in an unknown land, may chance to feel his horse start beneath him; rearing, it may well-nigh hurl him to the earth: in the darkness he may curse his beast, and believe its aim simply to cast him off and free itself forever of its burden. But, when the morning dawns and lights the hills and valleys he has traveled, looking backward, he may perceive that the spot where his steed reared, planting its feet into the earth, and where it refused to move farther on the old road, was indeed the edge of a mighty precipice, down which one step more would have precipitated both horse and rider. And he may then see that an instinct wiser than his own led his beast, though in the dark, to leap backward, seeking a new path along which both might travel.*

"In the confusion and darkness of the present, it may well seem to some that woman in her desire to seek for new paths in life is guided only by an irresponsible impulse, or that she seeks selfishly only her own good, at the cost of that of the race which she has so long and faithfully borne onward. But, when a clearer future shall have arisen and the obscuring mists of the present shall have been dissipated, it may then be manifest that not for herself alone, but for the entire race, has woman sought her new path.

"For let it be noted what our position exactly is, we who as women are to-day demanding new fields of labor and a reconstruction of our relationship with life.

"It is often said that the labor problem before the modern woman, and that before the unemployed or partially and uselessly employed male, are absolutely identical;

* It is recorded that Balaam's ass saw the angel with flaming sword, but Balaam saw it not!

that therefore, when the male labor problem of our age solves itself, that of the woman will of necessity have met its solution also.

"This statement, with a certain specious semblance of truth, is yet radically and fundamentally false. It is true that both the male and female problems of our age have taken their rise largely in the same rapid material changes, which during the last centuries, and more especially the last ninety years, have altered the face of the human world. Both men and women have been robbed by those changes of their ancient remunerative fields of social and rendered labor; here the resemblance stops. The male, from whom the changes of modern civilization have taken his ancient field of labor, has but one choice before him: he must find new fields of labor, or he must perish. Society will not ultimately support him in an absolutely quiescent and useless condition nor allow him to reproduce himself endlessly in complete mental and physical inactivity. If he does not vigorously exert himself in some direction or other (the direction may even be predatory) he must ultimately be annihilated. Individual drones, both among the wealthiest and the poorest classes (millionaires' sons, dukes or tramps), may in isolated cases be preserved, and allowed to reproduce themselves without any exertion or activity of mind or body, but a vast body of males who, having lost their old forms of social employment, should refuse in any way to exert themselves or seek for new, would at no great length of time become extinct. There never has been, and as far as can now be seen, there never will be, a time

when the majority of the males in any society will be supported by the rest of the community in a condition of perfect mental and physical inactivity. '*Find labor or die*' is the choice ultimately put before the human male, to-day as in the past; and *this* constitutes his labor problem.*

"The labor of the male may not always be useful in the highest sense to his society, or it may even be distinctly harmful and antisocial, as in the case of the robber-barons of the Middle Ages who lived by capturing and despoiling all who passed by their castles; or as in the case of the share speculators, stock-jobbers, ring-and-corner capitalists and monopolists of the present day, who feed upon the productive labors of society without contributing anything to its welfare. But even males so occupied are compelled to expend a vast amount of energy and even a low intelligence in their callings; and however injurious to their societies, they run no personal risk of handing down effete and enervated constitutions to their race. Whether beneficially or unbeneficially, the human male must, generally speaking, employ his intellect, or his muscle, or die.

"The position of the unemployed modern female is one wholly different. The choice before her, as her ancient fields of domestic labor slip from her, is not generally or often at the present day the choice between finding new fields of labor, or death; but one far more serious in its ultimate reaction on humanity as a whole—it is the choice between finding new forms of labor or sinking slowly into a condition of more or less complete and passive *sex-parasitism* !†

* The nearest approach to complete parasitism on the part of a vast body of males occurred perhaps in ancient Rome at the time of the decay and downfall of the empire, when the bulk of the population, male as well as female, was fed on imported corn, wine and oil, and supplied even with entertainment, almost entirely without exertion or labor of any kind; but this condition was of short duration, and speedily contributed to the downfall of the diseased empire itself. Among the wealthy and so-called upper classes, the males of various aristocracies have frequently tended to become completely parasitic after a lapse of time, but such a condition has always been met by a short and sharp remedy; and the class has fallen, or become extinct. The condition of the males of the upper classes in France before the Revolution affords an interesting illustration of this point.

† It is not without profound interest to note the varying phenomena of sex-parasitism as they present themselves in the animal world, both in the male and in the female forms. Though among the greater number of species in the animal world the female form is larger and more powerful than the male (i.e. among birds of prey, such as eagles, vultures, falcons, et cetera, and among fishes, insects, et cetera), yet sex-parasitism appears among both sex forms. In certain shell-fish, for example, the female carries about in the folds of her shell three or four minute and quite inactive males, who are entirely passive and dependent upon her. Among bees and ants, on the other hand, the female has so far degenerated that she has entirely lost the power of locomotion; she can no longer provide herself or her offspring with nourishment, or defend or even clean herself; she has become a mere passive distended bag of eggs, without intelligence or

"Again and again in the history of the past, when among human creatures a certain stage of material civilization has been reached, a curious tendency has manifested itself for the human female to become more or less parasitic; social conditions tend to rob her of all forms of active conscious social labor, and to reduce her, like the field-bug, to the passive exercise of her sex functions alone. And the result of this parasitism has invariably been the decay in vitality and intelligence of the female, followed after a longer or shorter period by that of her male descendants and her entire society.

"Nevertheless, in the history of the past the dangers of sex-parasitism have never threatened more than a section of the females of the human race, those exclusively of some dominant race or class; the mass of women beneath them being still compelled to assume some form of strenuous activity. It is at the present day, and under the peculiar conditions of our modern civilization, that for the first time sex-parasitism has become a danger, more or less remote, to the mass of civilized women, perhaps ultimately to all.

"In the early stages of human growth, the sexual parasitism and degeneration of the female formed no possible source of social danger. Where the conditions of life rendered it inevitable that all the labor of a community should be performed by the members of that community themselves, without the assistance of slaves or machinery, the tendency has always been rather to throw an excessive amount of social labor on the female. Under no conditions, at no time, in no place, in the history of the world have the males of any period, of any nation or of any class shown the slightest inclination to allow their own females to become inactive or parasitic, so long as the actual muscular labor of feeding and clothing them would

activity, she and her offspring existing through the exertions of the slaves and workers of the community. Among other insects, such for example as the common field-bug, another form of female parasitism prevails; and while the male remains a complex, highly active, and winged creature, the female, fastening herself by the head into the flesh of some living animal and sucking its blood, has lost wings and all activity, and power of locomotion; having become a mere distended bladder, which when filled with eggs bursts and ends a parasitic existence which has hardly been life. It is not impossible, and it appears indeed highly probable, that it has been this degeneration and parasitism on the part of the female which has set its limitation to the evolution of bees and ants, creatures which, having reached a point of mental development in some respects almost as high as that of man, have yet become curiously and immovably arrested. The whole question of sex-parasitism among the lower animals is one throwing suggestive and instructive side-lights on human social problems, but is too extensive to be here entered on.

in that case have devolved upon *themselves*.

"The parasitism of the human female becomes a possibility only when a point in civilization is reached (such as that which was attained in the ancient civilizations of Greece, Rome, Persia, Assyria, India, and as to-day exists in many of the civilizations of the East, such as those of China and Turkey) when, owing to the extensive employment of the labor of slaves, or of subject races or classes, the dominant race or class has become so liberally supplied with the material goods of life, that mere physical toil on the part of its own members has become unnecessary. It is when this point has been reached, and never before, that the symptoms of female parasitism have in the past almost invariably tended to manifest themselves and have become a social danger. The males of the dominant class have almost always contrived to absorb to themselves the new intellectual occupations, which the absence of necessity for the old forms of physical toil made possible, and necessary, in their societies; and the females of the dominant class or race, for whose muscular labors there was now also no longer any need, not succeeding in grasping or attaining to these new forms of labor, have sunk into a state in which, performing no species of active social duty, they have existed through the passive performance of sexual functions alone, with how much or how little of discontent will now never be known, since no literary record has been made by the woman of the past of her desires or sorrows. Then, in place of the active laboring woman, upholding society by her toil, has come the effete wife, concubine or prostitute, clad in fine raiment, the work of others' fingers; fed on luxurious viands, the result of others' toil; waited on and tended by the labor of others. The need for her physical labor having gone, and mental industry not having taken its place,

she bedecked and scented her person or had it bedecked and scented for her; she lay upon her sofa or drove or was carried out in her vehicle; and loaded with jewels, she sought by dissipations and amusements to fill up the inordinate blank left by the lack of productive activity. And as the hand whitened the frame softened, till, at last, the very duties of motherhood, which were all the constitution of her life left her, became distasteful and from the instant when her infant came damp from her womb it passed into the hands of others, to be tended and reared; and from youth to age her offspring often owed nothing to her personal toil. In many cases so complete was her enervation, that at last the very joy of giving life, the glory and beatitude of a virile womanhood, became distasteful; and she sought to evade it, not because of its interference with more imperious duties toward those already born of her, or to her society, but because her existence of inactivity had robbed her of all joy in strenuous exertion in any form. Finely clad, tenderly housed, life became for her merely the gratification of her own physical and sexual appetites, and the appetites of the male, through the stimulation of which alone she could maintain herself. And whether as kept wife, kept mistress or kept prostitute, she contributed nothing to the active and sustaining labors of her society. She had attained to the full development of that type which, whether in modern Paris or New York or London, or in ancient Greece, Assyria or Rome, is essentially one in its features, its nature and its effects—she was the ‘fine lady,’ the human female parasite—the most deadly microbe which can make its appearance on the surface of any social organism.*

“Wherever in the history of the past this type has reached its full development and has comprised the bulk of the females belonging to any dominant class or race, it has heralded its decay. In Assyria, Greece, Rome, Persia, as in Turkey to-day, the same material conditions have produced

the same social disease among wealthy and dominant races; and again and again when the nation so affected has come into contact with nations more healthily constituted, this diseased condition has contributed to its destruction.

“In ancient Greece, in its superb and virile youth, its womanhood was richly and even heavily endowed with duties and occupations. Not the mass of the women alone, but king’s wife and prince’s daughter do we find going to the well to bear water, cleansing the household linen in the streams, feeding and doctoring their households, manufacturing the clothing of their race, and performing even a share of highest social functions as priestesses and prophetesses. It was from the bodies of such women as these that sprang that race of heroes, thinkers and artists, who laid the foundation of Grecian greatness. These females underlay their society as the solid and deeply buried foundations underlay the more visible and ornate portions of a great temple, making its structure and persistence possible. In Greece, after a certain lapse of time, these virile laboring women were to be found no more. The accumulated wealth of the dominant race, gathered through the labor of slaves and subject peoples, had so immensely increased that there was no longer a call for physical labor on the part of the dominant womanhood: immured within the walls of their houses as wives or mistresses, waited on by slaves and dependents, they no more sustained by their exertion either their own life or the life of their people. The males absorbed the intellectual labors of life; slaves and dependents the physical. For a moment, at the end of the fifth and beginning of the fourth century, when the womanhood of Greece had already internally decayed, there was indeed a brilliant intellectual efflorescence among her males, like to the gorgeous colors in the sunset sky when the sun is already sinking; but the heart of Greece was already rotting and her vigor failing. Increasingly,

* The relation of female parasitism generally, to the peculiar phenomenon of prostitution, is fundamental. Prostitution can never be adequately dealt with, either from the moral or the scientific standpoint, unless its relation to the general phenomenon of female parasitism be fully recognized. It is the failure to do this, which leaves so painful a sense of abortion on the mind, after listening to most modern utterances on the question, whether made from the emotional platform of the moral reformer, or the intellectual platform of the would-be scientist. We are left with a feeling that the matter has been handled but not dealt with; that the knife has not reached the core.

division and dissimilarity arose between male and female, as the male advanced in culture and entered upon new fields of intellectual toil while the female sank passively backward and lower in the scale of life, and thus was made ultimately a chasm which even sexual love could not bridge. The abnormal institution of avowed inter-male sexual relations upon the highest plane, was one and the most serious result of this severance. The inevitable and invincible desire of all highly developed human natures, to blend with their sexual relationships their highest intellectual interests and sympathies, could find no satisfaction or response in the relationship between the immured, ignorant and helpless females of the upper class, in Greece, and the brilliant, cultured and many-sided males who formed its dominant class in the fifth and fourth centuries. Man turned toward man; and parenthood and the divine gift of imparting human life were severed from the loftiest and profoundest phases of human emotion: Xantippe fretted out her ignorant and miserable little life between the walls of her house, and Socrates lay in the Agora, discussing philosophy and morals with Alcibiades; and the race decayed at its core.* Here and there an Aspasia, or earlier still a Sappho, burst through the confining bonds of woman's environment, and with the force of irresistible genius broke triumphantly into new fields of action and powerful mental activity, standing side by side with the male; but their cases were exceptional. Had they, or such as they, been able to tread down a pathway, along which the mass of Grecian women might have followed them; had it been possible for the bulk of the women of the dominant race in Greece at the end of the fifth century to rise from their condition of supine inaction and ignorance and to have taken their share in the intellectual labors and stern activities of their race, Greece could never have fallen supine as she fell at the end of the fourth century,

* See Jowett's translation of Plato's "Banquet"; but for full light on this important question the entire literature of Greece in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. should be studied.

† Like almost all men remarkable for either good or evil, Alexander inherited from his mother his most notable qualities—his courage, his intellectual activity, and an ambition indifferent to any means that made for his own end. Fearless in her life, she fearlessly met death "with a courage worthy of her rank and domineering character, when her hour of retribution came"; and Alexander is incomprehensible till we recognize him as rising from the womb of Olympia.

instantaneously and completely, as a rotten puff-ball falls in at the touch of a healthy finger; first, before the briberies of Philip, and then yet more completely before the arms of his yet more warlike son who was also the son of the fierce, virile and indomitable Olympia.† Nor could she have been swept clean, a few hundred years later, from Thessaly to Sparta, from Corinth to Ephesus, her temples destroyed, her effete women captured, by the hordes of the Goths—a people less skilfully armed and less civilized than the descendants of the race of Pericles and Leonidas, but a branch of that great Teutonic folk, whose monogamous domestic life was sound at the core, and whose fearless, laboring and resolute women yet bore for the men they followed to the ends of the earth, what Spartan women once said they alone bore—men.

"In Rome, in the days of her virtue and vigor, the Roman matron labored mightily, and bore on her shoulders her full half of the social burden, though her sphere of labor and influence was ever somewhat smaller than that of the Teutonic sisterhood whose descendants were finally to supplant her own. From the vestal virgin to the matron, the Roman woman in the days of the nation's health and growth fulfilled lofty functions and bore the whole weight of domestic toil. From Lucretia, the great Roman dame whom we find spinning with her handmaidens deep into the night, and whose personal dignity was so dear that violated she sought only death, to the mother of the Gracchi, one of the last of the great line, we find everywhere, erect, laboring and resolute, the Roman woman who gave birth to the men who built up Roman greatness. A few centuries later, and Rome also had reached that dangerous spot in the order of social change which Greece had reached centuries before her. Slave labor and the enjoyment of the unlimited spoils of subject races had done away forever with the demand for physical labor on the part of the members

of the dominant race. Then came a period when the male still occupied himself with the duties of war and government, of legislation and self-culture; but the Roman matron had already ceased forever from her toils. Decked in jewels and fine clothing, brought at the cost of infinite human labor from the ends of the earth, nourished on the most delicate victuals, prepared by others' hands, she sought now only, with amusement, to pass away a life that no longer offered her the excitement and joy of active productive exertion. She frequented theaters and baths, or reclined on her sofa, and like her modern counterpart, painted herself, wore patches, affected an artistic walk and a handshake with the elbow raised and the fingers hanging down. Her children were reared by dependents, and in the intellectual labor and government of her age she took no part, and was fit to take none. There were not wanting writers and thinkers who saw clearly the end to which the enervation of the female was tending, and who were not sparing in their denunciations. 'Time was,' cries one Roman writer of that age, 'when the matron turned the spindle with the hand and kept at the same time the pot in her eye that the pottage might not be singed, but now,' he adds bitterly, 'when the wife loaded with jewels reposes among pillows, or seeks the dissipation of baths and theaters, all things go downward and the state decays.' Yet, neither he nor that large body of writers and thinkers who saw the condition toward which the parasitism of woman was tending to reduce society, preached any adequate remedy.*

"Thoughtful men sighed over the present and yearned for the past, nor seem to have perceived that it was irrevocably gone; that the Roman lady who, with a hundred servants standing idle about her, should, in imitation of her ancestress, have gone out with her pitcher on her head to draw water from the well, while in all her own courtyards pipe-led streams gushed forth, would have acted the part of the pretender; that had she insisted on resuscitating her loom and had she sat up all night to spin, she could never have produced those fabrics which alone her household de-

manded, and would have been but a puerile actor; that it was not by attempting to return to the ancient and forever closed fields of labor, but by entering upon new, that she could alone serve her race, and retain her own dignity and virility; that not by bearing water and weaving linen, but by so training and disciplining herself that she should be fitted to bear her share in the labor necessary to the just and wise guidance of a great empire, that she should be capable of training a race of men adequate to exercise an enlightened, merciful and beneficent rule over the vast masses of subject people—that so, and so only, could she fulfil her duty toward the new society about her, and bear its burden together with man, as her ancestresses of bygone generations had borne theirs.

"That in this direction and this alone, lay the only possible remedy for the evils of woman's condition, was a conception apparently grasped by none; and the female sank lower and lower, till the image of the parasitic woman of Rome—with a rag of the old Roman intensity left even in her degradation—seeking madly by pursuit of pleasure and sensuality to fill the void left by the lack of honorable activity; accepting lust in the place of love, ease in the place of exertion, and an unlimited consumption in the place of production; too enervated at last to care even to produce offspring, and shrinking from every form of endurance—remains, even to the present day, the most perfect, and therefore the most appalling picture of the parasite female that earth has produced—a picture only less terrible than it is pathetic.

"We recognize that it was inevitable that this womanhood, born to guide and enlighten a world, and in place thereof feeding on it, should at last have given birth to a manhood as effete as itself, and that both should in the end have been swept away before the march of those Teutonic folk, whose women were virile, and could give birth to *men*—among whom the woman received on the morning of her marriage from the man who was to be her companion through life, no miserable

* Indeed must not the protest and the remedy in all such cases, if they are to be of any avail, take their rise within the diseased class itself?

trinkets to hang upon her limbs, but a shield, a spear, a sword, and a yoke of oxen, while she bestowed on him in return a suit of armor, in token that they two were henceforth to be one, in toil and in the facing of danger; that she too should dare with him in war and suffer with him in peace—and of whom another writer tells us, that these women not only bore the race and fed it at their breasts without the help of others' hands, but that they undertook the whole management of house and lands, leaving the males free for war and chase—of whom Suetonius tells us, that when Augustus Cæsar demanded hostages from a tribe, he took women, not men, because he found by experience that the women were more regarded than men—of whom Strabo tells us, that so highly did the Germanic races value the intellect of their women that they regarded them as inspired and entered into no war or great undertaking without their advice and counsel; while among the Cimbrian women who accompanied their husbands in the invasion of Italy were certain who marched barefooted in the midst of the lines, distinguished by their white hair and milk-white robes, and who were regarded as prophinspired—of whom Florus, describing an early Roman victory, says ‘the conflict was not less fierce and obstinate with the wives of the vanquished: in their carts and wagons they formed a line of battle, and from their elevated situation, as from so many turrets, annoyed the Romans with their poles and lances.* Their death was as glorious as their martial spirit. Finding that all was lost, they strangled their children, and either destroyed themselves in one scene of mutual slaughter or with the sashes that bound up their hair suspended themselves by the neck to the boughs of trees or the tops of their wagons’—of whom Valerius Maximus says, that ‘if the gods on the day of battle had inspired the men with equal fortitude Marius would never have boasted of his Teutonic victory’—and of whom Tacitus, speaking of those women who accompanied

their husbands to war, adds, ‘these are the darling witnesses of his conduct, the applauders of his valor, at once beloved and valued. The wounded seek their mothers and their wives; undismayed at the sight, the women count each honorable scar and suck the gushing blood. They are even hardy enough to mix with the combatants administering refreshment and exhorting them to deeds of valor’; and adds moreover that ‘to be contented with one wife was peculiar to the Germans; while the woman was contented—with one husband, as with one life, one mind, one body.’

‘It was inevitable that before the sons of women such as these the sons of the parasitic Roman should be swept from existence, as the offspring of the caged canary would fall in conflict with the offspring of the free.

‘Again and again with wearisome reiteration, the same story repeats itself. Among the Jews in the days of their health and growth, we find their women bearing the major weight of agricultural and domestic toil, full always of labor and care—from Rachel, whom Jacob met and loved as she watered her father’s flocks, to Ruth, the ancestress of a line of kings and heroes, whom her Boas first noted laboring in the harvest-fields; from Sarah, kneading and baking cakes for Abraham’s prophetic visitors, to Miriam, herself prophetess and singer, and Deborah, who judging Israel from beneath her palm-tree gave rest to her land for forty years. Everywhere the ancient Jewish woman appears, an active, sustaining power among her people; and perhaps the noblest picture of the laboring woman to be found in any literature is contained in the Jewish writings, indited possibly at the very time when the laboring woman was for the first time tending among a section of the Jews to become a thing of the past—when already Solomon with his seven hundred parasite wives and three hundred parasite concubines loomed large on the horizon of the national life, to take the place of flock-tending Rachel and gleaning Ruth; and to

* The South African Boer woman after two thousand years appears not wholly to have forgotten the ancestral tactics.

† This picture of the laboring as opposed to the parasitic ideal of womanhood appears under the heading, “*The words of King Lemuel; the oracle which his mother taught him.*” At risk of presenting to the reader that with which he is already painfully familiar, we here transcribe the passage; which, allowing

produce, amid their palaces of cedar and gold, among them all, no Joseph or David but in way of descendant only a Rehoboam, under whose hand the kingdom was to totter to its fall.

"In the East to-day, the same story has wearisomely written itself: in China, where the power of the most ancient existing civilization may be measured accurately by the length of its woman's shoe; in Turkish harems, where one of the noblest dominant Aryan races the world has yet produced, is being slowly suffocated in the arms of a parasite womanhood and might indeed long ago have been obliterated, had not a certain virility and strength been continually reinfused into it through the persons of purchased wives, who in early childhood and youth have been themselves active laboring peasants. Everywhere in the past as in the present the parasitism of the female heralds the decay of a nation, and as invariably indicates disease as the pustules of smallpox upon the skin indicate the existence of a purulent virus in the system.

"We are indeed far from asserting that the civilizations of the past which have decayed, have decayed alone through the parasitism of their females. Vast, far-reaching social phenomena have invariably causes and reactions immeasurably too complex to be summed up under one so simple a term. Behind the phenomenon of female parasitism has always lain for differences in material and intellectual surroundings, paints also the ideal of the laboring womanhood of the present and of the future:—

"Her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband trusteth in her,
And he shall have no lack of gain.
She doeth him good and not evil
All the days of her life.
She seeketh wool and flax,
And worketh willingly with her hands.
She is like the merchant-ships;
She bringeth her food from afar.
She riseth up while it is yet night,
And giveth meat to her household,
And their task to her maidens.
She considereth a field, and buyeth it:
With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vine-yard.
She girdeth her loins with strength,
And maketh strong her arms.
She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable:
Her lamp goeth not out by night.
She layeth her hands to the distaff,
And her hands hold the spindle.

another and yet larger social phenomenon—it has invariably been preceded, as we have seen, by the subjugation of large bodies of other human creatures, either as slaves, subject races, or classes; and as the result of the excessive labors of these classes there has always been an accumulation of unearned wealth in the hands of the dominant class or race. *It has invariably been by feeding on this wealth, the result of forced or of ill-paid labor,* that the female of the dominant race or class has lost her activity and has come to exist purely through the passive performance of her sexual functions. Without slaves or subject classes to perform the crude physical labors of life and produce superfluous wealth, the parasitism of the female would, in the past, have been an impossibility.

"There is, therefore, a profound truth in that universal and ancient saw which states that the decay of the great nations and civilizations of the past has resulted from the enervation caused by wealth and luxury; and there is a further and if possible more profound truth underlying the statement that their destruction has ultimately been the result of the enervation of the entire race, male and female.

"But when we come further to inquire how, exactly, this process of decay took place, we shall find that the part which the parasitism of the female has played has been fundamental. The mere use of any of the material products of labor, which

She spreadeth out her hand to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
She is not afraid of the snow for her household,
For all her household are clothed with scarlet.
She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry;
Her clothing is fine and purple.
Her husband is known in the gates.
When he sitteth among the elders of the land.
She maketh linen garments and selleth them,
And delivereth girdles unto the merchant.
Strength and dignity are her clothing;
And she laugheth at the time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up and call her blessed;
Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying:
Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all.
Give her the fruit of her hands;
And let her works praise her in the gates."

we term wealth, can never in itself produce that decay, physical or mental, which precedes the downfall of great civilized nations. Salmon at ten shillings a pound can in itself no more debilitate and corrupt the moral, intellectual and physical constitution of the man consuming it, than it could enervate his naked forefathers who speared it in their rivers for food: the fact that an individual wears a robe made from the filaments of a worm, can no more deteriorate his spiritual or physical fiber, than were it made of sheep's wool: an entire race, housed in marble palaces, faring delicately and clad in silks, and surrounded by the noblest products of literature and plastic art, so those palaces, viands, garments, and products of art were the result of their *own* labors, could never be enervated by them. The debilitating effect of wealth sets in at that point exactly (and never before) at which the supply of material necessities and comforts, and of esthetic enjoyments, clogs the individuality, causing it to rest satisfied in the mere passive possession of the results of the labor of others, without feeling any necessity or desire for further productive activity of its own.*

"The exact material condition at which this point will be reached, will vary, not only with the race, and the age, but with the individual. A Marcus Aurelius in a palace of gold and marble was able to retain his simplicity and virility as completely as though he had lived in a cowherd's hut; while on the other hand, it is quite possible for the wife of a savage chief who has but four slaves to bring her her corn and milk and spread her skins in the sun, to become almost as purely parasitic as the most delicately pampered female of fashion in ancient Rome, or modern Paris or New York; while the exact amount of unearned material wealth which will emasculate individuals in the same society, will vary exactly as their intellectual fiber and natural activity are strong or weak.†

* Of the other deleterious effects of unearned wealth o : the individual or class possessing it, such as its power of lessening human sympathy, et cetera, et cetera, we do not now speak, as, while ultimately and indirectly, undoubtedly, tending to disintegrate a society, they do not necessarily and immediately enervate it, which enervation is the point we are here considering.

† It is not uncommon in modern societies to find women of a class relatively very moderately wealthy, the wives and daughters of shopkeepers or professional men, who, if their male relations will supply them with very limited amount of money without exertion on their part, will become as completely parasitic and useless as women with untold wealth at their command.

"The debilitating effect of wealth lies, then, not in the nature of any material adjunct to life in itself, but in the power it may possess of robbing the individual of all incentive to exertion, thus destroying the intellectual, the physical, and finally, the moral fiber.

"In all the civilizations of the past examination will show that almost invariably it has been the female who has tended first to reach this point, and examination will show that it has almost invariably been from the woman to the man that enervation and decay have spread.

"Why this should be so is obvious. Firstly, it is in the sphere of domestic labor that slave or hired labor most easily and insidiously penetrates. The force of blows or hireling gold can far more easily supply laborers as the preparers of food and clothing, and even as the rearers of children, than it can supply laborers fitted to be intrusted with the toils of war and government, which have in the past of necessity been the especial sphere of male toil. The Roman woman had for generations been supplanted in the sphere of her domestic labors and in the toil of rearing and educating her offspring, and had long become abjectly parasitic, before the Roman male had been able to substitute the labor of the hireling and barbarian for his own in the labors of war and government.

"Secondly, the female having one all-important, though passive and wholly unintelligent, form of production, which cannot be taken from her, and which is peculiarly connected with her own person, in the act of child-bearing, she is liable in a peculiarly insidious and gradual manner to become dependent on this one faculty for her support; and so much is this the case, that even when she does not in any way perform this function there is still a curious tendency for the kudos of the function still to hang about her, and for her mere potentiality in the direction of a duty which

she may never fulfil, to be confused in her own estimation and that of society with the actual fulfilment of that function. Under the mighty aegis of the woman who bears and rears offspring and in other directions labors actively for her race, creeps in gradually and unnoticed the woman who does none of these things. From the mighty laboring woman who bears human creatures to the full extent of her power, rears her offspring unaided and performs at the same time severe social labor in other directions (and who is undoubtedly, wherever found, one of the most productive toilers known to the race), it is but one step to that still laboring woman who bears and rears herself without assistance a large number of offspring, though she may undertake no other form of social labor (for the toil of rearing from birth for the first six months, even one human creature, is one of the most exacting though ill-appreciated forms of human labor). From this woman it is again but one step, though a long one, to the woman who produces offspring freely but does not herself rear them, and performs no compensatory social labor; from this woman again, to the one who bears few or no children, and performs no productive social labor, but being married is officially regarded to be a child-bearer, the step is short; while again divided from her by an almost imperceptible line is the absolutely celibate woman, who manifestly

performs no duty to her race as child-bearer, and who, when she undertakes no other form of productive social labor, lives on a sexual potentiality which is never called into active existence at all. There is but one step farther to the prostitute, who affects no form of labor, and who, in place of life, is recognized as producing death. Enormous as is the distance between the women at the two extremes of this series as regards their social functions, there is yet, in actual life, no sharp, clearly drawn line dividing the one type of woman from the other: they shade off into each other by delicate and insensible degrees. And it is down this inclined plane that the women of civilized races are peculiarly inclined unconsciously to slip, from a condition of strenuous social activity into a condition of complete, helpless and inactive parasitism, without being clearly aware of the fact themselves, and without society's becoming so.*

"These peculiarities in her condition have in all civilized societies laid the female more early open to the attacks of parasitism than the male. And while the accumulation of wealth has always been the antecedent condition, and the degeneracy and effateness of the male the final and obvious cause, of the decay of the great dominant races of the past; yet, between these two has always lain, as a great middle term, the parasitism of the female—with-

* There is indeed an interesting analogous tendency on the part of the parasitic male, wherever found, to shield his true condition from his own eyes and those of the world by playing at the ancient ancestral forms of male labor. He is almost always found talking loudly of the protection he affords to helpless females and to society, though he is in truth himself protected through the exertion of soldiers, policemen, magistrates, and society generally; and he is almost invariably fond of dangling a sword or other weapon, and wearing a uniform, for the assumption of militarism without severe toil delights him. But it is in a degenerate travesty of the ancient labor of hunting (whereby at terrible risk to himself, and with endless fatigue, his ancestors supplied the race with meat and defended it from destruction by wild beasts) that he finds his greatest satisfaction; it serves to render the degradation and uselessness of his existence less obvious to himself and to others than if he passed his life reclining in an arm-chair.

On Yorkshire moors, to-day, may be seen walls of sod behind which hide certain human males, while hard-laboring men are employed from early dawn in driving birds toward them. As the birds are driven up to him, the hero behind the wall raises his deadly weapon, and the bird, which it had taken so much human labor to rear and provide, falls dead at his feet; thereby greatly to the increase of the hunter's glory, when, the toils of the chase over, he returns to his city haunts to record his bag. One might almost fancy one saw arise from the heathery turf the shade of some ancient Teutonic ancestor, whose dust has long reposed there, pointing a finger of scorn at his degenerate descendant, as he leers out from behind the sod wall. During the later Roman empire, Commodus, in the degenerate days of Rome, at great expense had wild beasts brought from distant lands that he might have the glory of slaying them in the Roman circus; and medals representing himself as Hercules slaying the Nemean lion were struck at his order. We are not aware that any representation has yet been made in the region of plastic art of the hero of the sod wall; but history repeats itself—that also may come in time. It is to be noted that these hunters are not youths, but often ripely adult men, before whom all the lofty enjoyments and employments possible to the male in modern life, lie open.

out which the first would have been inoperative and the last impossible.

"Not slavery, nor the most vast accumulations of wealth, could destroy a nation by enervation, whose women remained active, virile and laborious.

"The conception which again and again appears to have haunted successive societies, that it was a possibility for the male to advance in physical power and intellectual vigor, while his companion female became stationary and inactive, taking no share in the labors of society beyond the passive fulfilment of sexual functions, has always been negated. It has ended as would end the experiment of a man seeking to raise a breed of winning race-horses out of unexercised, short-winded, knock-kneed mares. Nay, more disastrously, for while the female animal transmits herself to her descendant only by means of germinal inheritance, and through the influence she may exert over it during gestation, the human female by producing the intellectual and moral atmosphere in which the early years of life are passed, impresses herself far more indelibly on her descendants. Only an able and laboring womanhood can permanently produce an able and laboring manhood; only an effete and inactive male can ultimately be produced by an effete and inactive womanhood. The curled darling, scented and languid, with his drawl, his delicate apparel, his devotion to the rarity and variety of his viands, whose severest labor is the search after pleasure; and for whom even the chase, which was for his remote ancestor an invigorating and manly toil essential for the meat and life of his people, becomes a luxurious and farcical amusement—this male, whether found in the later Roman empire, the Turkish harem of to-day, or in our northern civilizations, is possible only because generations of parasitic women have preceded him. More repulsive than the parasitic female herself, because a yet further product of decay, it is yet only the scent of his mother's boudoir that we smell in his hair. He is like to the bald patches and rotten wool on the back of a scabby sheep;

which indeed indicate that, deep beneath the surface, a parasite insect is eating its way into the flesh, but which are not so much the cause of disease, as its final manifestation.

"It is the power of the human female to impress herself on her descendants, male and female, through germinal inheritance, through influence during the period of gestation, and above all by producing the mental atmosphere in which the impressionable years of life are passed, which makes the condition of the child-bearing female the paramount interest of the race. It is this fact which causes even prostitution (in many respects the most repulsive form of female parasitism which afflicts humanity) to be, probably, not so deadly to the advance and even to the conservation of a healthy and powerful society, as the parasitism of its child-bearing females. For the prostitute, heavily as she weights society for her support, returning disease and mental and emotional disintegration for what she consumes, does not yet so immediately affect the next generation as the kept wife, or kept mistress, who impresses her effete image indelibly on the race.

"No man ever yet entered life farther than the length of one navel-cord from the body of the woman who bore him. It is the child-bearing woman who is the final standard of the race, from which there can be no departure for any distance for any length of time, in any direction: as her brain weakens weakens the man's she bears; as her muscle softens softens his; as she decays decays the people.

"Other causes may, and do, lead to the enervation and degeneration of a race; the parasitism of its child-bearing women MUST.

"We, the European women of this age, stand to-day where again and again, in the history of the past, women of other races have stood; but our condition is yet more grave, and of wider import to humanity as a whole, than theirs ever was. Why this is so, is a subject for further consideration."





Photograph by Byron.

MISS NETHERSOLE WHEN SHE FIRST APPEARED IN THIS COUNTRY.

MY STRUGGLES TO SUCCEED.

BY OLGA NETHERSOLE.

CONNECTED with every pursuit one meets with difficulties and tribulations. How often as children were we told that there was no royal road to success, and how little did we understand the full meaning of the reproof until we had learned it by bitter experiences. When I was a child, it used to appear to me, on occasions when difficulties around me seemed almost insurmountable, that my preceptors must be wrong in their teachings, and that properly what they said was right, must be wrong, and what I thought was right, must be right. My small mind tried to

argue the thing out logically, and that was the only conclusion at which I could ever arrive.

Bitter experience has taught me that I was wrong, and that my preceptors were right.

These reflections occurred to me after a request had been made that I should set down a short account of my career and its struggles. If the matter is of sufficient interest to readers, it gives me great pleasure to accede to the request, and if my example should be of any benefit or advantage to others, then this short gossip

will, I apprehend, not have been written in vain.

I do not believe, and I say it conscientiously, that there is any profession bristling with so many difficulties and drawbacks as the dramatic profession, and it astounds me to hear of novices lightly and cheerfully abandoning excellent prospects in other walks of life to take up a dramatic career, which, shorn of its possibilities (that come only to a very few), is a most heart-wearing and spirit-breaking business. One can ascribe the phenomenon only to the intense and alluring fascination of the footlights. More and more each year do I restrain my advice to people who ask me as to a stage-career, except to warn them not to try, and at this moment, as a general rule, I do most earnestly advise everybody not to go near it. I have many reasons for saying this, and they are to be found both before and behind the curtain. The rewards are too few and the difficulties too great to make it a desirable career for average men and women. As a rule, the individual endowed by nature with ability to succeed in the dramatic profession is quite capable for, and probably would succeed equally well or even better in, some other and less wearisome profession.

I went on the stage ten years ago, in spite of the usual family opposition—which, by the way, is more prevalent in my country than in America. I was a governess before I was an actress, and the desire to become an actress had a steady growth in my mind. It marched with me as I grew, until one day I realized the time had come for me to

shed the shell of the governess and try to merge into the actress. I shall never forget the difficulties I had to contend with before I was able to make my want known in the proper direction. Not belonging to a theatrical family, and having no theatrical connections, I was absolutely in the dark as to when and how to set out. I did not even belong to an amateur dramatic club, although it is true, my amateur histrionic fame was such that I was now and then requested to take part in some of the amateur clubs' performances in the neighborhood of my residence.

It was by accident that I secured my first introduction to a real, live Manager. I got a letter from a lady, whose acquaintance I made, and who knew an actor who she thought might know some manager to whom I might be introduced. It fell out as we wished, and I had my first ray of hope when I received a letter from the actor introducing me to a London Manager, Capital M again! "The easiest thing in the world," thought I, "is to go to his theater and present the letter." Then came the first bitterness after placing my foot on the ladder.

Although the manager at the time was playing nightly in London, it took me three months to present the letter, and six weeks more were wasted before I was ushered into his room. The vexations and mortifications I underwent at that time would make a most interesting deterrent to the unendowed, ambitious amateur, but space is too valuable to allow me to expand upon what is now only a faint memory.

My star was evidently in the ascendant



AS PAULA TANQUERAY.

on the day that I entered the manager's sanctum, for he dismissed me, after a five minutes' interview, with a part and a promise of an engagement—and a very good part it turned out to be. My first part! That was ten years ago, and from that time until now, I have worked and struggled incessantly, and often and often it has seemed that I was rolling a stone up a hill only to have it fall back threatening to crush the spirit out of me.

The play in which I made my débüt was called "Harvest," and, incidentally, it was written by Mr. Henry Hamilton, who adapted "Carmen" for me. It is a far

the fingers of one hand. What then must be the bitterness, disappointments and struggles of the vast numbers of those less successful? I shudder to think! There is more discouragement on the part of those who might be supposed to help the ambitious; there are more obstacles, and there is more selfishness, in connection with the drama than can be found even in the profession of literature, and from all I can gather, the struggles in that profession are cruel and bitter enough.

When I had secured my professional débüt I was very happy, but my ambition grew on what it fed upon, and London be-



Photograph by Byron.

A SCENE FROM "CARMEN."

cry from my appearance in "Harvest" to my appearance in "Sapho," Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, and I should be very ungrateful if I were not pleased with what I have accomplished during the interval. I am grateful. But the wear and tear and exhaustion entailed by the accomplishment of so much, is, I believe, too great a price to pay. It must be remembered that the world is pleased to admit that I have had exceptional luck, if one may use such a word in connection with so much effort, and that my experience is the experience of people whose number may be counted on

came my beacon. It seemed then that London was as impossible to achieve as had been the stage a year before, but I was comforted somewhat with the reflection that the stage had become possible, and I argued that London might some day be so, too. For two years I journeyed round the provinces of England, never leaving a stone unturned, always studying deeply the art I had embraced, and endeavoring to develop my dramatic instinct. The deeper I delved, the more faith I found in myself, and there was nothing in the inconveniences and self-denials which I had to prac-

tise that could daunt my courage. Any one who has had the same experience that I had will readily understand that there was plenty to shake the will of a stronger woman than I was.

At last an opportunity came! My beacon burnt brighter! London was in sight! It came about in this way—I was a member of a traveling company, playing repertoire. One of the pieces had no part in it for me, but on a certain day the company was playing at Brighton, a town about fifty miles from London, and I was called upon at twenty-four hours' notice to take the place of a lady who had been taken suddenly ill. I sat up all night studying the part and perfecting myself in the business, and in the evening I played it. I looked for the papers the next morning to see what the press thought, but no word could I find, and although I had striven very hard, and been complimented by the manager, I was satisfied to believe that nothing would come of it. Judge then my delighted surprise when I read on the following Sunday a full and laudatory account of my performance given in a London newspaper by a London critic, who had

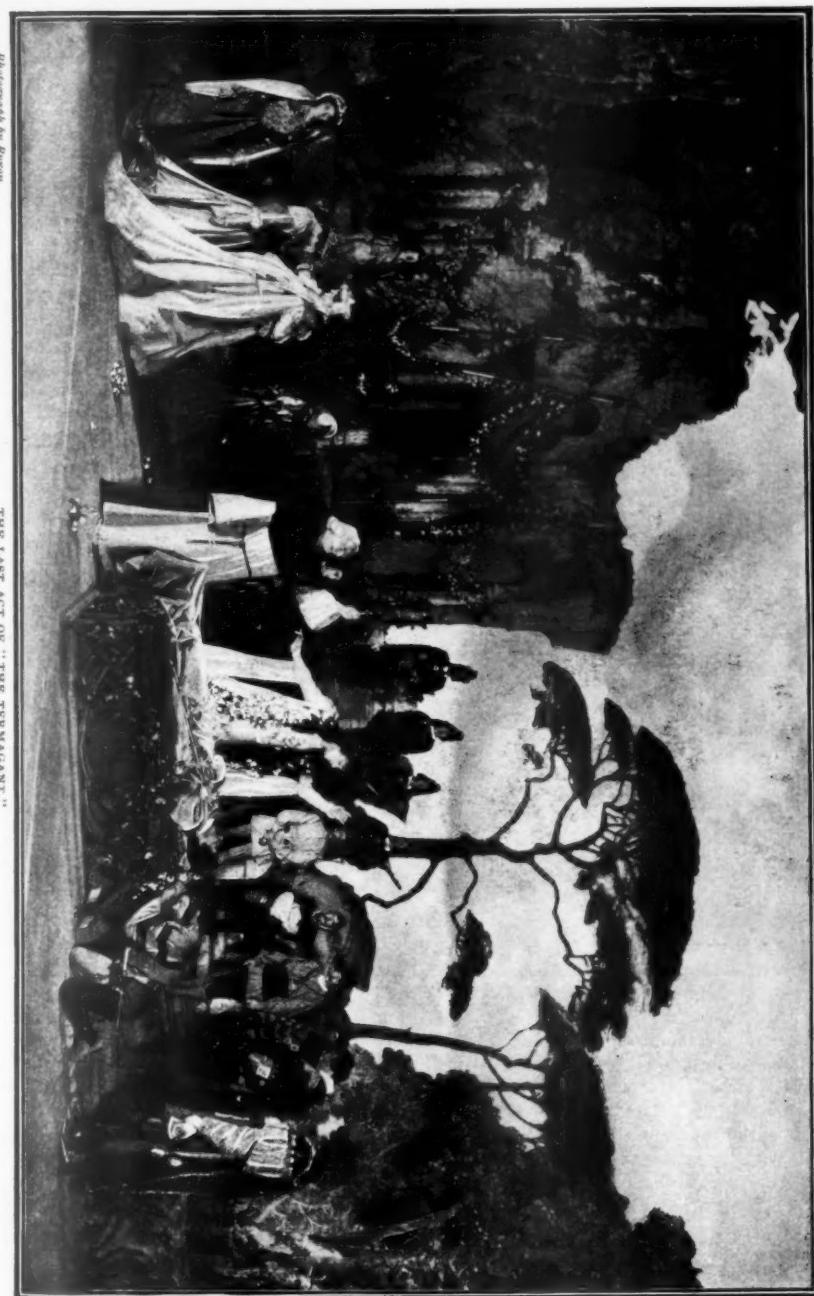
happened to be in the theater on the evening in question. Such a surprise as that is one of the rewards of the dramatic profession. Heaven knows they come seldom enough, but here and there one gets it and for the time life is worth while.

That emergency performance was destined to exercise a great influence over my future, for within a month of the publication of the notice, I received a chance from a management to create a part in a new production in London. "Now," thought I, "my struggles are over. I am in London, I have achieved my ambition, and I have only to reap the harvest." I never made a greater mistake in my life. My struggles had only begun. I now came into the ken of the London critics, and it is needless to say that, being young and a beginner, I did not get much encouragement at their hands. Oh, the bitter experiences I had to undergo! I thought sometimes that by daring to appear in a theater in London I was committing some awful crime against the critics and their proprietors. It is true that I won encouragement from some of them, but always in a grudging spirit, as it seemed to me.



AS THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH.

London 8th 1899.



Photograph by Byron.

THE LAST ACT OF "THE TEMPEST."

Even my first great triumph, which I won at the Theater Royal Adelphi, was not unmixed with trouble; but I had the comforting assurance from the public themselves that I had pleased them, and the critics were compelled to report that the result was in my favor. I now became permanently established as a London actress, and I am bound to say that the struggles were somewhat easy for two or three years, while I was content to remain a member of stock companies; but ambition, which I

An opportunity came for me to make my first starring flight. I had to make a journey of seventeen thousand miles to achieve this important feat, and I did it. I went to Australia. Then my struggles began in real earnest, for I had to stand alone, and in addition to my own worries, I had the worries of a company on my shoulders. Now the public and the press began to help me, and I gratefully acknowledge that they accorded me a corner in the stars' room, and justified my venture. This experience



Photograph by Byron.

MISS NETHERSOLE AS CARMEN.

positively believed would have been satisfied with a London reputation, stubbornly refused to rest, and I was soon consumed with a desire for something even greater than what I had already achieved.

I will not here dwell upon the hundred and one difficulties and annoyances which even a successful London actress has to contend with, but I do admit that my two or three years in London were fairly comfortable, and would have been entirely so if, as I said, my ambition had allowed me to rest contented.

lasted for twelve months, and then I returned to London, to be received with open arms by everybody. Here was fame indeed! In my absence I had not been forgotten. For a time, abandoning my individual position before the public, I became leading lady in the first London stock company, that of Mr. John Hare, then of the Garrick Theater.

After a couple of years, I was induced to consider a proposal to come to the United States. I came! I hope I am not exceeding the bounds of modesty when I say that



IN "CAMILLE."

everybody knows with what result. But everybody does not know, and it is not for me to enter into the details of the struggles I have had in achieving in America the position which I am proud to hold. Of course, such an article as I am writing is bound to be personal. I believe that it is desired so to be, but I have my own views of what it ought to accomplish. I want to raise my voice as loudly as I can in opposition to the crowd of people, mostly incompetent, who are always wanting "to go on the stage." It is not out of any desire to keep the profession from being overcrowded that I say this, but it is from a

desire to save people from mortification and broken lives, for that is the end of it all in a majority of cases. People may think, with reason, that I should be the last to say this, and perhaps I should be, but all the same I am quite sincere in earnestly begging aspirants to give up every idea of adopting the stage as a profession. That my profession is a noble one, no one who understands anything at all about the subject can deny. Those who do not understand anything about it may smile when I say that many virtues are developed by a life on the stage, and the spirit of good-fellowship and helpful trust which is universally found behind the scenes might easily be emulated in other professions.

I am afraid that the public has



AS PAULA TANQUERAY.

an altogether wrong impression of the inner life of the actor and of his stage experiences. It amuses me so much to hear my friends protest when I am unable to give them time for society's demands. Nothing can convince them, it seems, that an artist has to do anything but go on the stage at eight o'clock and play his or her part. No preparations are needed and the artist can act or not each evening as he pleases. That is the prevailing opinion. The reason of this is not far to seek: it is that the stage is a business of pleasure. You cannot expect a commercial man, who goes to the playhouse in the evening to recreate his mind, to regard it at all seriously, or to think of it more than that a lot of people are amusing themselves for his amusement.

I feel I am entitled to claim that what



IN "FROU FROU."

measure of success I have achieved is due almost entirely to the pains I have always taken with my work. In the past, I was often reprimed for being so earnest and taking my work so seriously; but it was my nature to work that way, and I am content to believe that it materially helped me toward success. Very early in my career I became convinced of the aptness and truth of the saying, "What is worth doing is worth doing well," and, carrying out the principle, I found nothing too slight or trivial to attend to. I well remember how, at the commencement of my career, I spent my leisure-time during the acts in the prompt entrance instead of gossiping in the green-room, thereby acquiring invaluable experience. Another pleasure of mine was, closely to study the work of the stage-manager in producing his play, and I was fortunate several times to be under the direction of one or two most accomplished stage-managers, whose examples have since stood me in good stead. My studies of the drama, both of France and England, were incessant. I fancy that at this time I was never without some standard play in my hand, and am sure it was possible for me to play any one of the leading female roles at short notice. You will observe that I had studied the leading roles in preference to any others. I dare say such ambition made for good because I was aiming at the highest—it can be only a glorious defeat if one does not succeed.

To go back for a moment to the advice I have ventured to stage aspirants, I should like to tell what the leading English comedian, Mr. John L. Toole, said to me when I was a stage aspirant. It was my habit in those days, as I observe it is the habit of aspirants to-day, to write to leading actors and actresses stating my desire to go on the stage, and ask them for advice. Some of them used to reply, and some ignored me. Mr. Toole wrote me a charming letter, in which he strongly urged me not to go on the stage and stated his reasons at some length. On the other hand, Sir Henry Irving graciously encouraged me, but pointed out the enormous difficulties attendant on a stage-career. Need I say that those two letters are carefully preserved by me to this day?

Photograph by Byron.



CARMEN'S DEFIANCE.



IN "CAMILLE"—THE FIRST ACT.

If a stage aspirant, after the earnest advice I have offered him, still persisted in his reckless determination to go on the stage, and if he were not angry with me for endeavoring to dissuade him from his folly, I should venture to tell him some of the essential qualifications he ought to possess to fit him adequately for his fight. First of all, he should be of graceful figure, and, of course, young. Then, education is of the utmost importance. The man with a college education in nine cases out of ten, in all careers, has the advantage of a man without such an education. He should be able to converse in at least two foreign languages, and not only be able to converse, but be able to pronounce properly—how often are we irritated and annoyed by the mispronunciation of foreign words on the stage, and let me say that such ignorance is an insult to an audience. He should be able to dance, sing and fence, all perfectly. He should have a thorough knowledge of English and French literature. These are a few of the essential requirements; and I wonder how many of those who lightly talk of "going on the stage" possess one of them. The average letter which I receive from aspirants is an ill-spelled thing, ungrammatical, and indicating in every line that the writer regards

the stage as an easy means of earning a lazy livelihood. One often reads letters that have been received by managers, and I dare say the public fancy that such letters are exaggerated, but I sincerely regret to say that it is not so. Some day I hope that the dramatic profession will stand on the same plane as the sister arts, and meantime, it is for us who are working in the dramatic art to preserve the standard and endeavor to maintain its dignity. What can be gained by the entry of such people as I have referred to into our ranks? They cannot benefit themselves, and they distinctly harm the profession.

They overcrowd and clog, and ultimately they themselves retire disgusted and heart-broken. No, positively it is better that they should be kept out, and I shall always do my best to warn them against coming in.

I think that there is more liberalism displayed by the American dramatic critic than by his English brother, and certainly more than by the French critic. There is a more cosmopolitan spirit displayed by the American, and he thereby affords encouragement to the artist. I consider that, properly applied and properly received, criticism is of the utmost importance to an artist. Without it he may be inclined to lapse into a groove, but with it he is compelled to be constantly endeavoring. I fancy it was Ruskin who said that the unsuccessful artist made the best art critic. I should not apply that to the unsuccessful actor as a critic of acting. I prefer the man who has had a large experience of the drama from the auditorium. He ought, I think, to know something of the technicalities of the stage, but his greatest experience should have been in the auditorium. Let him look at my play and my performance from the point of view of the audience, and I shall be satisfied with the impression they make upon him. On the other hand, let an unsuccessful actor give his opinion and all the bias, narrowness and envy in his nature is liable to distort his judgment, unless he be more than human, which the average actor certainly is not.

I have touched on several things in this article which it had not been my inten-

tion to deal with. I thought I might be able to interest my readers about my own career, but I find that there are so many subjects bound up, as it were, in me, that I have had to expand the scheme. I know that this article lacks encouragement to the aspirant, and that I am likely to be accused of a dog-in-the-manger policy. To-day the drama is more prosperous, more flourishing and more tolerated than ever before, and the time is fast approaching when it will be incumbent upon those who are in a position to do so, to speak out and raise their voices in protest

your beginners and you will elevate your stage.

And yet why should we not take the bull by the horns and establish a Dramatic Conservatoire? Every other enterprise of art has its training-school, and why not the stage? We find it flourishing in France, we find it flourishing in Germany—then why not in America and in England? It is not that its enemies can suggest that a Conservatoire would not be useful, because we have the overwhelming evidence that in France and Germany there are the best and most accomplished actors,



MISS NETHERSOLE AS SHE APPEARED IN AUSTRALIA

against mediocrity, and also to lay their heads together and devise some method or methods whereby once and for all it shall be decided and determined how and in what manner the stage shall be recruited.

Above all things, at that time it ought to be borne in mind that it is not everybody who is adapted to the stage, and that the divine law of selection applies in this profession as in all others. After selection comes qualification, and qualification cannot be secured without preparation. Train

and I claim that it is because they have received proper training and are fitted by such training to appear on the stage before the public. I would have the state in each country establish a college for the training of actors, and no one should be allowed to appear in public without his diploma any more than a lawyer or doctor is allowed to practise medicine or law without one. Until such a Conservatoire is established, our profession will always be subject to a certain feeling of distrust on the part of the public.

THE NATION'S MONUMENT.

BY RENE BACHE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Pater Patrie, died just one hundred years ago—a fact which gains impressiveness as it is thoughtfully considered. To his memory, in the city named after himself, has been erected the noblest monument in stone ever built by human hands—a veritable poem in marble, which appears to symbolize the loftiness of the man's soul and the beauty and strength of his character. It is a structure that possesses interest for every patriotic American.

It is to be regretted that the art invented by Daguerre had not progressed far enough in the early days of the monument to record the first stages of its building. Later on, when work was recommenced upon the unsightly stump of the half-finished obelisk, after it had remained an eyesore and a national disgrace for more than twenty years, the Treasury Department took a number of photographs of it, as the structure advanced toward completion. From the negatives thus produced, which gold untold could not buy, are printed the accompanying pictures, or, as they might properly be termed, historical documents.

The stump dates back to 1858, when it was abandoned for lack of funds to continue operations, and up to 1880 the monument remained in this unsightly and melancholy condition, so that it came to be believed that the contemplated memorial to the Father of His Country would be permitted by an ungrateful people to rot and fall to pieces without ever being completed. In fact, when work was at length resumed, the frus-



WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT AS IT STANDS TO-DAY.

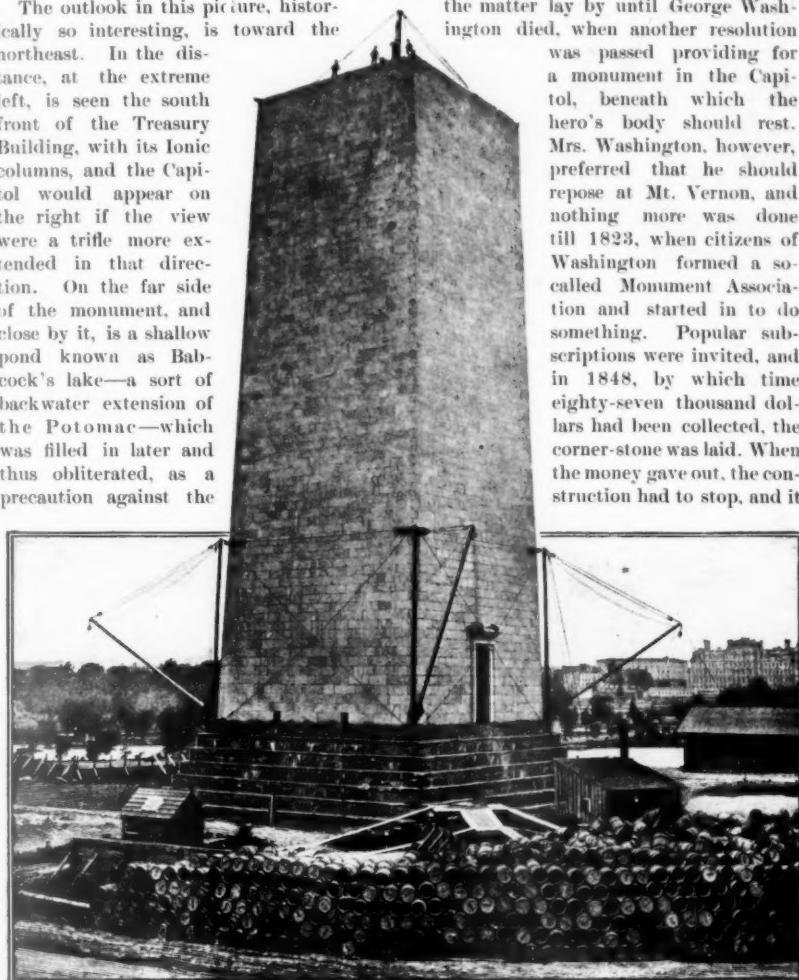
tum was found to have decayed to such an extent that several courses of stone at the top had to be taken off and replaced with fresh material, thus reducing its height considerably below the one hundred and seventy feet at which it had stood for so long. At this stage it is represented in the first of the series of photographs reproduced herewith, and it will be observed that preparations have been begun, including the erection of derricks, et cetera, for the task of completing in a proper manner the gigantic shaft.

The outlook in this picture, historically so interesting, is toward the northeast. In the distance, at the extreme left, is seen the south front of the Treasury Building, with its Ionic columns, and the Capitol would appear on the right if the view were a trifle more extended in that direction. On the far side of the monument, and close by it, is a shallow pond known as Babcock's lake—a sort of backwater extension of the Potomac—which was filled in later and thus obliterated, as a precaution against the

possible undermining of the obelisk by seepage. The door shown in the photograph, on the west face of the shaft, was afterward removed, the opening being closed with marble blocks, and the present entrance cut through on the opposite side.

The fact may be recalled that, in 1783, the Continental Congress voted to erect an equestrian statue of Washington, and Major L'Enfant, in his plan of the capital city, marked for the site precisely the spot on which the great obelisk now stands. But this idea was not carried out, and

the matter lay by until George Washington died, when another resolution was passed providing for a monument in the Capitol, beneath which the hero's body should rest. Mrs. Washington, however, preferred that he should repose at Mt. Vernon, and nothing more was done till 1823, when citizens of Washington formed a so-called Monument Association and started in to do something. Popular subscriptions were invited, and in 1848, by which time eighty-seven thousand dollars had been collected, the corner-stone was laid. When the money gave out, the construction had to stop, and it



THE MONUMENT AS IT STOOD FROM 1858 TO 1880.



BURROWING UNDER THE MONUMENT AT THE SIDE.

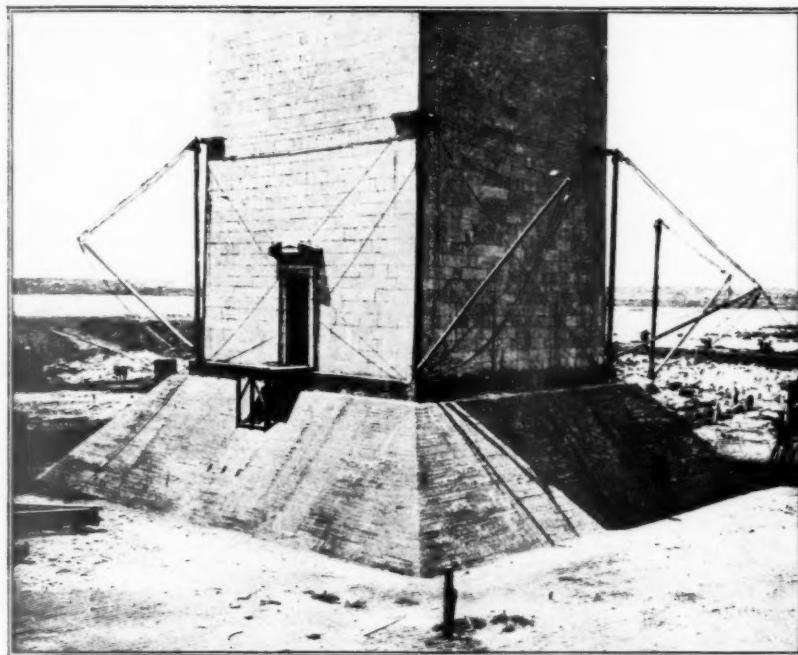
was recommenced only when Congress, awaking at last to its duty, gave two hundred thousand dollars in a lump and assumed charge of the whole business.

Looking at the photograph already spoken of, the eye of even a casual observer might be struck with the small size of the foundation of the monument, relatively to its enormous proposed height. This, indeed, was a vital defect in the original plan, and the Army engineers, in whose hands the work was placed by Congress, promptly set about correcting it. They dug it out—it was mere rubble—at the corners and at the sides, shoring up the undermined structure meanwhile with great beams. They even burrowed a considerable distance under the obelisk itself,

finally replacing the material thus abstracted with concrete, which was added in quantities sufficient to extend very largely the area of the foundation. The first foundation, indeed, covered only six thousand four hundred square feet, whereas the new one covered sixteen thousand square feet and was in effect a single block of solid stone—a monolith.

The final result of this ingenious performance is shown in the fourth photograph, which exhibits the new foundation completed. Here is at last something satisfactory to build upon, and the business of construction now actively proceeded.

Day by day the great stump rose upward, and popular interest in the nation's memorial revived as the obelisk neared



THE NEW FOUNDATION OF CEMENT COMPLETED.

completion. The derrick-topped shaft became an object of interest to every visitor to Washington, and many were the applications for permission to ascend to the point where a score of workmen could constantly be seen raising the marble blocks with the help of derricks and placing them.

In horizontal section, the monument is a square within a square; the building is an iron tower within a marble tower, the former being securely fastened to the latter by a winding staircase, in which an elevator runs. There are twenty-three thousand stones in the entire structure, which weighs eighty-one thousand one hundred and twenty tons. To strengthen the foundation in the manner described cost ninety-seven thousand four hundred and seventy-three dollars, and the sum total of expenditure for creating the obelisk was about one million three hundred thousand dollars. The walls are fifteen feet thick at the base, dwindling to eighteen inches at the top, and the pyramidal capstone weighs thirteen thousand pounds. This last was put in place December 6,

1884, and the finished monument was dedicated in the following February.

The original design for the monument, drawn in 1846, was very different from the one finally adopted. It was a circular colonnade, two hundred and fifty feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty feet high, supported by four concentric circles of Ionic columns, and upholding an obelisk five hundred feet in height. Thus, if built according to this plan, which was "earnestly recommended to the favor of our countrymen" by John Quincy Adams, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and others, it would have had an altitude nearly one hundred feet greater than the present shaft. The colonnade was to have inclosed a hall for statuary, and a chariot of Fame drawn by six horses was to have surmounted the main entrance.

It is believed that nothing short of an earthquake could destroy the Washington obelisk. On several occasions it has been struck by lightning, but has suffered no serious injury, thanks to a most ingenious and admirable arrangement of conductors.

The capstone is crowned by a small pyramid of aluminum weighing one hundred ounces, and this is connected with rods that pass six hundred feet down into a well below water-level. In April, 1885, this protective contrivance was severely tested, five immense bolts being seen to flash between a passing thunder-cloud and the monument within twenty minutes. No damage was done, but two months later a tremendous stroke slightly cracked one of the stones near the top.

When the building of the monument was begun, commemorative tablets for the adornment of its interior were contributed by various states of the Union, by some foreign powers, and by a number of municipal and other organizations. Quite a number sent in by mercantile concerns were in reality advertisements, and much surprise was caused by the mysterious and unaccountable disappearance of most of these during the construction of the obelisk. As a matter of fact, the missing stones were privately buried beneath the earth which was thrown up to cover the new foundation, this method of disposing of them being adopted to avoid the embarrassment of refusing to accept them, and to this day these handsome marbles rest peacefully beneath the greensward which carpets the hilltop about the shaft.

While the monument was going up, all of the tablets were housed in a shed near by, and a few of them are

believed to have been stolen. At all events, one sent by the Pope is known to have been carried off by persons of the Know-nothing party, smashed to bits and thrown into the Potomac. After undergoing a variety of hazards, the carved memorials of stone and marble, of which one hundred and seventy-six were accounted for, were built into the inside walls of the obelisk, where they have suffered since then all sorts of injuries at the hands of vandals and relic-hunters, forty of the principal ones being badly damaged, while most of the others are disfigured with pencil-markings, wads of tobacco, and drops of oil from the elevator-machinery. Every projecting bit of carved stone has been broken off: William Penn lacks a thumb and forefinger, a cow in the Vermont coat of arms has lost her horns, several spokes are absent from the driving-wheel of a locomotive, the silver letters from the Nevada tablet have been dug out, and Washington himself wants a nose.

Even at the present time, looking at the monument, one sees quite plainly the line of demarcation between the old stump and the structure superposed in 1880. This is due not to the greater age of the stump, but to the fact that the newer marble has a different grain from the old. One gets a notion of the vastness of its size from the statement that an army of twelve thousand men could be comfortably housed in its interior.



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE MONUMENT.

THE COT AND THE RILL.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE Daughter of the House came skipping down one of the broad paths of the garden, and John Gayther, the gardener, stood and looked at her, glad to see her coming, as he always was, no matter what she came for.

"John," she cried, before she reached him, "you are to stop work." He bade her good-morning, looking inquiringly. "Yes," she continued, "you are to come up to the house. There is to be story-telling this morning; papa is to be one of us and he says the back piazza is a great deal more comfortable than any place he knows of in this garden. You need not look worried, John; we are not going to ask you to tell the story this time.

Mama is to tell it and she would not think of such a thing, and neither would I, as your not being there when it is told, for you were the beginner of this story-telling business. So come on, we are all to be there in a very few minutes." And with this she skipped away again.

As John Gayther walked toward the house, he was well pleased that he was not to be called upon for a story that morning. The Master of the House, who was a captain in the Navy, had returned to his home

but two days before, having been absent for three years. John knew him as a hearty man, good-natured and inclined to be bluff, but as to what sort of a story he would like, the gardener had not the least idea. He was quite sure, however, that if the captain did not like a story, or any part of it, he would laugh at it, and John had never had a story of his laughed at when he did not intend it to be funny.

The captain, in white clothes, was stretched out in a steamer-chair; he had just lighted a cigar, and the attitude of his body and the expression of his face indicated a thorough enjoyment of his relief from duty.

"Good-morning, John," he called; "we've piped all hands to yarns. I have heard what you can do in this line, and we



Drawn by
R. West
Clevedon.

"MR. ROUNDERS TRYING TO EAT A CHICKEN-CROQUETTE THE INSIDE OF WHICH WAS RAW."

shall call upon you before long. You can let somebody else cut your asparagus and dig your potatoes this morning."

"Papa," said his daughter, "it is too late for asparagus and too early for potatoes. I am afraid you forget about these things when you are at sea."

"Not at all," said her father. "On shipboard we eat our asparagus at any time of the year. The steward does it with a knife, which he jabs through the covers of the tin cans. And as for potatoes, they are always with us, and often very poor, too."

The Mistress of the House now came out on the piazza. She sat down in an arm-chair that had been placed for her, and when she saw that the gardener was comfortably seated, she began.

"I am going to tell my story in the first person——"

"There is no better person," interrupted the Master of the House.

"I do not intend to describe my hero, who is to tell the story," continued his wife. "I will only say he is moderately young and moderately handsome. Various other things about him you will find out as the story goes on. Now then, he begins:

"I was driving my wife in a buggy in a mountainous region, and when we reached the top of a little rise in the road Anita put her hand on my arm. 'Stop!' she said, 'look down there. That is what I like. It is a cot and a rill. You see that cot—not much of a house, to be sure, but it would do. And there, just near enough for the water to tumble over rocks and gurgle among stones to soothe one to sleep on summer nights, is the rill—not much of a rill, perhaps, but I think it could be arranged with shovel. Then all the rest is enchanting. I had been looking at it some time before I spoke. There is a smooth meadow, stretching away to a forest, and behind that there are hills, and in the distance you can just see the mountains. Now this is the place where I should like to live. Isn't there any way of making those horses stand still for a minute?'

"I tried my persuasive powers on the animals and succeeded moderately. 'To live?' I asked. 'And for how long?' 'Until about the third of August,' she

replied. 'That will be about three weeks.' 'You mean,' I said in surprise, 'something like this.' 'I do not,' answered Anita; 'I mean this very spot. To find something like it would require months. What I want, as I have told you over and over again, is a real cot with a real rill, to which we can go now and live for a little while that unsophisticated life for which my soul is longing.'

"Anita and I were taking a summer outing together, and were trying to get into free nature and away from people we knew. We had been several days at a mountain hotel, and were driving about the country. My black cobs now declined to stand any longer. 'Drive them down into the valley; there is the road to that house,' said Anita. 'Anita,' said I, 'I cannot go down that wagon-track; it is too rough and rocky and we should break something. But why do you want to go down there? You are not in earnest about living in such a place as that?' 'But I am in earnest,' she answered, decisively; 'I want to stay in this region and explore it. I could be very happy in a cot like that, a little arranged, perhaps, until the third of August, when we have to go north. But I won't ask you to go down that road, of course. Suppose we come again to-morrow with some quieter horses.' 'I am sorry,' said I, 'but I cannot do that. Mr. Baxter comes to-morrow; you know it was planned he should always come Tuesdays, wherever we are.'

"She sighed. 'I suppose everything must give way to business,' she said, 'and I shall have to wait until Wednesday. But one thing must certainly be agreed upon; when we get to that cot there must be no more Mr. Baxter. You can certainly plan for that, can't you?' I made no immediate reply because I was busy turning the horses in rather an awkward place, but when we were on the smooth highway and were trotting gaily back to the hotel, I discussed the matter more fully with Anita and I found that what she had been talking about was not a mere fancy. Before coming to this picturesque mountain region she had set her heart upon some sort of a camping out in the midst of real nature, and this cot and rill business seemed to suit her exactly. 'I want to go there to

live,' she said, 'but I do not mean any Marie Antoinette business with milk-pails decked with ribbons, and dainty little straw hats. I want to live in a cot like a cotter—that is, for us to live like two cotters. As for myself, I need it; my moral and physical natures demand it. I must have a change, an absolute change, and this is just what I want. I would shut out, entirely, the world I live in, and it is only in a real and true cot that this can be done as I want to do it.'

"She talked a great deal more on the same subject, and then I told her that if it suited her it suited me, and that on the day after the morrow we would drive out again and examine the cot. For the rest of the day and for the greater part of the evening Anita talked of nothing but her projected life in the valley, and before I went to sleep I was quite as much in love with it as she was herself. The next day it rained, but Mr. Baxter came all the same; weather never interfered with him."

"Who in the name of common sense is Mr. Baxter?" asked the Master of the House. "I like to know who people are when I am being told what they do."

"I had hoped," said the Mistress of the House, "that I should be able to tell my story so you would find out for yourselves all about the characters, just as in real life. If you see a man working in a garden you know he is a gardener."

"But he may not be," said her husband; "he may be a coachman pulling carrots for his horses."

"But as you wish it," continued the Mistress of the House. "I do not mind telling you that Mr. Baxter was my hero's right-hand man and business manager. And now he will go on: After Baxter and I had finished our business, I told him about the cot, for if we carried out Anita's plan it would be necessary for him to know where we were, and putting on waterproof coats we rode over to the place which had excited my wife's desire to become a cotter. We found the house small but in good order, with four rooms and an adjunct at one end. There were vines growing over it and at the side of it was a garden with an irregular hedge around two sides; it was a poor sort of garden—mostly weeds, I thought, as I glanced at it. The stream

of water was a pretty little brook, and Baxter, who rode to the head of it, said he thought it could be made much better.

"The house was the home of a widow, with a grown-up daughter and a son about fifteen. We talked to them, asking a great many questions about the surrounding country, and then retired to consult. We did not consider long; in less than ten minutes I had ordered Baxter to buy the house and everything in it if the people were willing to sell, and then to purchase as much land around it as would be necessary to carry out my plans, which I then and there imparted to him in a general way, leaving him to attend to the details."

"Your nameless hero," said the Master of the House, "must have been in very comfortable circumstances."

"I am glad to see my story is explaining itself," remarked his wife, and she continued:

"Baxter looked serious for a moment and said it was a big piece of work, but he did not decline it; Baxter never declined anything. 'How much time can you give me?' he asked. 'My wife will want to look at the place to-morrow, but I shall persuade her to wait until the first of next week so that we can get the place in order. Will that be long enough for you?' 'I must make it long enough,' said Baxter.

"I found Anita in earnest consultation with her maid Maria and the mistress of the hotel, and when I told her I had secured the cot, or at least arranged to do so, she was pleased and grateful, especially as I had to go out into the rain to do it. 'I knew, of course,' she said, 'that Mr. Baxter would settle that all right, and so I have been making my arrangements. But there is one favor I want you to grant me; I do not want you to ask me anything about how I am going to manage matters. I do not want to deceive you in any possible way, and so if you do not ask me questions it will make it easier for me.' 'Very good,' I replied, 'and I shall ask a similar favor from you.' 'All right,' said Anita, 'and now that matter is settled.'

"Baxter went to work immediately and I went down to the cot the next day but one to see how he was getting on, but Anita asked me no questions, and I asked none

of her. As I stood with Baxter in front of the cot, where there was a fine view of the surrounding country, I asked him how much land he had thought it desirable to purchase. 'Over there,' said he, 'I bought just behind that range of trees, about half a mile, I should say. But to the west a little more, just skirting the high-road. To the north I bought to the river, which is three-quarters of a mile away. But over there to the south I included that stretch of forest-land which extends to the foot-hills of the mountains. The line must be about a mile from here.'

"That is a very large tract," said I. "How did you manage to buy it so quickly?" "I had nine real-estate agents here Wednesday," he replied, "and the sales were all consummated this morning. They went to work all at once, each on a separate owner. We bought for cash and no one knew his neighbor was selling." I laughed and asked him how he was going to keep this big estate private for our use. "We want to wander free, you know, anywhere and everywhere." "That is what I thought," said he, "and why I took in such a variety of scenery. Nobody will interfere with you. There will be no inhabited house on the place except your own, and I am putting up a fence of chicken-yard wire around the whole estate. There is nothing like chicken-yard wire. It is six feet high and very difficult to climb over, and it is also troublesome to cut."

"That will take a long time!" I exclaimed in amazement. "I have contracted to have it done by Saturday morning," replied Baxter. "The train with the wire fence and posts is scheduled to arrive here at eleven o'clock to-night and work will begin immediately. Paolo Montani, the Italian boss who has worked for me before, has taken this contract and will put twelve hundred men on." "The train will arrive here?" said I. "What do you mean?" "The M. B. & T. line runs within a mile and a half of this place and my trains will all be switched off at a convenient place near here." "I should not have supposed there was a side-track here," I remarked. "Oh, no," he replied, "there was none, but I am now having two built. All the different gangs of men will sleep on the freight-cars which have been fitted up with bunks.

The woodcutters and landscape men, hedgers, sodders, and all those people, arrived about an hour ago and I am expecting the mechanics' train late this afternoon. The gardeners will not arrive until to-morrow, but if it keeps on raining they will have time enough; they want wet weather for their work."

"Excuse me," said the Master of the House, who had now finished his cigar and was sitting upright in his chair, "but didn't you omit to state that your hero was the King of Siam?"

"I have nothing of the kind to state," answered the wife. "He is merely an American gentleman, and when he heard of the great works that were going on, he exclaimed: 'Look here, Baxter, you must be careful what you do. If you make this place look like a vast cemetery, all laid out in smooth grass and graveled drives, my wife won't like it. She wants to live in a cot, and she wants everything to be cottish and naturally rural.' That is just what I am going to make it," said he; "the highest grade of true naturalism is what I am aiming for in house and grounds. To-morrow afternoon you can look at the house. Everything will be done then and the furniture will be all in place, and if you want any changes there will be time enough."

"The next day I went to the cot, but when I reached the house I did not exactly comprehend what I saw; it was the same house and yet it was entirely different. It seemed to have grown fifty years older than it was when I first saw it. Its color was that of wood beautifully stained by age. There was a low piazza I had not noticed before which was covered with vines. Bright-colored, old-fashioned flowers were growing in beds close to the house and there was a pathway bordered by box-bushes, which led from the front door to a gateway in a stone wall, which partly surrounded the little green yard. I had not noticed before the gateway or the stone wall, on which grew bitter-sweet vines and Virginia creeper. "Now you see," said Baxter, "this grass here is not smooth green turf, fresh from the lawn-mower. It is natural grass, with wild flowers in it here and there. Nearly all of it was brought from a meadow about a mile away. But

now step inside a minute. Everything there is of the period of 1849: horsehair, you see, lots of black walnut, color all toned down and all the ornaments covered with netting to keep the flies off.'

"I was interested and amused. Baxter was doing admirably. As I stood on the little portico and looked over the valley, I saw what seemed to be a regiment of men, coming out of the woods and crossing a field. 'That is the first division of the wire-fence men,' said Baxter, 'going to supper. They are divided into three sections; one gang relieves another so that the work is kept going all night by torch-light.' As I went away Baxter called my attention to the gate at the entrance of our road. It was of light iron and could be opened into a clump of bushes, where it was not likely to be noticed. 'If this gate is locked,' said I, 'it might make trouble; it might be necessary for some one to go in or out.' 'Oh,' said Baxter, 'I have provided for that; you know Baldwin, who was shot in the leg in your northern hunting park? I have put him in charge of this gate and have lodged him in a tent over there in the woods. He will know when to open the gate.'

"On Monday morning Anita rose very early and was dressed and ready for breakfast before I woke. The day was a fine one and her spirits were high. 'You have not the slightest idea,' she said, 'how I am going to surprise you when we get to the cot.' I told her I had no doubt her surprise would be very pleasant, and there I let the matter drop. Soon after breakfast we drove over, this time with a coachman on the box. When we arrived at the gate, which was open and out of sight, I proposed to Anita that she send the carriage back and walk to the cot. 'Good,' said she; 'I do not want to see a carriage for two weeks.'

"I have not time to speak of Anita's delight at everything she saw. She was amazed that plain people, such as I had told her owned the house, should have lived in such a simple, natural way. 'Everything exactly suits everything else,' she said. 'And it is all so cheap and plain. There is absolutely nothing that does not suit a cot.' She was wild with excitement and ran about like a girl, and

when I followed her into the garden, which I had not seen, I found her in one of the box-bordered paths clapping her hands. The place was indeed very pretty, filled with old-fashioned flowers, herbs and hop-poles, and all sorts of country plants and blossoms.

"At last we returned to the house. 'Now, Anita,' said I, 'we are here in our little cot——' 'Where we are going to be as happy as two kittens,' she interrupted. 'And as I want everything to suit you,' I continued, 'I am going to leave the whole matter of the domestic arrangements in your hands. You have seen the house and you know what will be necessary to do. Mention what servants you want and I will send for them.' 'First tell me,' said Anita, 'what you did with the people who were here? You said there were three of them.' I could not very well answer this question, for I did not know exactly what Baxter had done with them. I was inclined to think, however, that he had sent them to the hotel until arrangements could be made for them to go somewhere else. But I was able to assure Anita that they had gone away. 'Good,' said she; 'I have been thinking about them, and I was afraid they might find some reason or other to stay about the place, and that would interfere very much with my plans. And now I will tell you what servants I want. I don't want any. I am going to do the work of this house myself. Now, don't open your mouth so wide. There is nothing to frighten you in what I have said. I am thirty-two years old, and although I am not very large, I am perfectly strong and healthy, and I cannot imagine anything in this world that would give me more pleasure than to live here in this cot for two weeks, and to cook our meals and to do everything that is necessary to be done. There are thousands and hundreds of thousands of women who do all that and are just as happy as they can be. This is the kind of happiness I have never had and I want it now.'

"I sat upright in my slippery horsehair chair and spoke no word; surely Anita had astonished me more than I could possibly astonish her. Before me sat my beautiful wife, the mistress of my great house in town, with its butlers and foot-

men, its maids and men, its horses, its carriages, its grand company and its stately hospitality; the lady of my famous country estate, with more butlers, and footmen, and gardeners, and stewards, and maids, and men, and stables, and carriages, and herds and flocks, and house-parties of distinguished guests; here was this wife of mine, a social star at home and abroad, a delicately reared being who had never found it necessary to stoop to pick up so much as a pocket-handkerchief or a rosebud. Here, I say, was this superfine lady of high degree, who had just announced to me that she intended to cook our meals, to pare our potatoes, to wash our dishes, and probably to sweep our floors. No wonder I opened my mouth.

"I hope now," said Anita, putting her feet out in front of her to keep herself from slipping off the horsehair sofa, "that you thoroughly understand: I do not want any assistance while we are in this cot. I have even sent away Maria, who has gone to visit her parents, and no woman in service is to come on this place while I am here. I have been studying hard with Mrs. Parker at the hotel, who seems to be an excellent housekeeper and accustomed to homely fare, and I have learned how to make and to cook a great many things which are simple and nutritious; I have had appropriate dresses made and Maria has gone to town and bought me a great variety of household linen, all good and plain, for our damask table-cloths would have looked perfectly ridiculous here. I have also laid in many other things which you will see from time to time. And now, Harold, I do not in the least intend to impose upon you. Because I choose to work is no reason why you should be compelled to do so." "I am glad to hear that," said I. "I knew you would be," continued Anita. "But of course neither of us will want very much done for us if we live a cotter's life with these simple surroundings, and so I think one man will be quite enough to do for you all you will want done." "One will be quite enough," said I, "and I will see about sending for him this afternoon."

"I am so glad," said Anita, "that you have not got him now, for we can have our first meal in the cot all by ourselves.

I'll run upstairs and dress and then I will come down to do my first cooking." In a very short time Anita appeared in a neat dress of coarse blue stuff, a little short in the skirts, with a white apron over it. "Come now," she said, gaily, "let us go into the kitchen and see what we shall have for dinner. Shall it be dinner or lunch? Cotters dine about noon." "Oh, make it lunch," said I. "I am hungry and I do not want to wait to get up a dinner." Anita agreed to this, and we went to work to take the lid off a hamper which she told me had been packed by Mrs. Parker and contained everything we should want for several days. "Besides," she said, "the widow woman has left no end of things, all in boxes and cans, labeled. She must have been a very thrifty person, and it was an excellent piece of business to buy the house just as it stood with everything in it."

Anita found it difficult to make a choice of what she should cook for luncheon. "Suppose we have some tea?" "Very good," said I, for I knew that was easy to make. "Then," said she, on her knees beside the hamper, with her forefinger against her lip, "suppose—suppose we have some boiled eggs. They are quick; and the next thing is bread and butter. We might have some hot soda-biscuit, but I should have to make the dough and find the soda; will Albert biscuit do?" "Albert biscuit will do," I replied. "Good," said she, "and now we shall soon have our first meal. This is a very unassuming lunch," she said, when we were at last seated at the table, "but I am going to give you a nice dinner. If you want more than three eggs I will cook you some in a few minutes. I put another stick of wood in the stove, so as to keep the water hot."

"I was in considerable doubt as to what sort of man it would be best for us to have. I should have been glad to have my special valet, because he was an extremely handy man in many ways, but I thought it better to consider a little before sending for him; he might be incongruous. I had plenty of time to consider, for Anita occupied nearly the whole afternoon in getting up our dinner. She was very enthusiastic about it and did not want me to help her at all, except to make a fire in

the stove. After that, she said, everything would be easy, for the wood was all in small pieces and piled up conveniently near. As I glanced around the kitchen I saw that Baxter had had this little room fitted up with every possible culinary requirement.

"We had dinner a little before eight. Anita sat down, hot, red, but radiant with happiness. 'Now then,' said she, 'you will find I have prepared for you a high-grade cotter's dinner, by which I mean it is a meal which all farmers or country people might have every day if they only knew enough or were willing to learn. I have looked over several books on the subject and Mrs. Parker told me a great deal. Maria told me a great many things, also. They were both poor in early life and know what they are talking about. First we shall have soup, a plain vegetable soup. I went into the garden

and picked the vegetables myself.' 'I wish you had asked me to do that,' said I. 'Oh, no,' she answered; 'I do not intend to be inferior to any country woman. Then there is roast chicken. After that a lettuce salad with mayonnaise dressing; I do not believe cotters have mayonnaise dressing, nor shall we every day, but this is an exceptional meal. For the next course I have made a

pie, and then we shall have black coffee. If you want wine you can get a bottle from the hamper, but I shall not take any; I intend to live consistently through the whole of this experience.'

"There was something odd about the soup; it tasted as if a variety of vegetables had been washed in it and the vegetables then thrown away. I removed the soup-plates while Anita went out to get the next course. When she put the dish on the

table, she said something had given way while the fowl was cooking, and it had immediately stuck its legs up high in the air. 'It looks funny,' she remarked, 'but in carving you can cut the legs off first.' I found one side of the fowl much better cooked than the other—in fact, I should have called it kiln-dried—and the other side had certainly been warmed. The mayonnaise dressing was

Drawn by
R. West
Cinedinst.

"SHE MADE IT HERSELF, A BOOK OPEN BESIDE HER."



very peculiar, and made me think of the probable necessity of filling the lamps, and I hoped Baxter had had this attended to. The pie was made of gooseberry jam, the easiest pie in the world to make, Anita told me. You take the jam just as it is and put it between two layers of dough and then bake it. The coffee was very like black writing-ink, and having been made for a long time, was barely tepid.

"Strange as it may appear, however, I ate a hearty dinner. I was very hungry. 'Now,' said Anita, as she folded her napkin, 'I do not believe you have enjoyed this dinner half as much as I enjoyed the cooking of it, and I am not going to wash up anything, for I will not deprive myself of the pleasure of sitting with you while you smoke your after-dinner cigar on the front porch. These dishes will not be wanted until to-morrow and if you will take hold of one end of the table we will set it against the wall. There is a smaller table which will do for our breakfast.'

"I drank several glasses of wine as I smoked, but I did not feel any better. If I had known what was going to happen I should have preferred to go hungry. I did not tell Anita I was not feeling well, for that would have made her suffer in mind more than I was suffering in body, but when I had finished my smoke and she had gone into the house to light the parlor lamp, I hurried over to the barn, where Baxter had a telephone put up, and I called him up in town and told him to send me a chef who could hoe and dig a little in the garden. 'I thought you would want a man of that kind,' Baxter telephoned. 'Will Isadore do? He is at your town house now and can leave by the ten o'clock train.'

"I knew Isadore. He was the second chef in my town house, a man of much experience, and good-natured. I told Baxter to make him understand what sort of a place he was coming to, and to send him on without delay. 'Do you want him to live in the house?' asked Baxter, and I replied that I did not. 'Very good,' said he; 'I will have a tent put up for him near Baldwin's.'

"When I went to the house I told Anita I had engaged a man. 'I am glad,' said she, 'but I have just thought of something. I cannot possibly cook for a man.' 'Oh, you won't have to do that,' I answered; 'he will live near here, just the other side of the road.' 'That will do very well,' said she. 'I do not mind being your servant, Harold, but I cannot be a servant's servant.'"

"Do you know," said the Master of the House, "as this story goes on I feel poorer

and poorer every minute, I suppose by comparison. In fact, I do not know that I can afford to light another cigar. But one thought comforts me," he continued, taking a cigar from his pocket: "if I had been living in that cot with *my* wife I should not have had the stomach-ache. So that balances things somewhat."

The lady smiled. "The next morning a little after eight o'clock I came down to open the house, and there, standing by the porch, hat in hand, I saw Isadore. He was a middle-aged man, large and solid, with very flat feet and a smoothly shaven face, twinkling eyes and a benevolent smile. I was very glad to see him, especially before breakfast. I took him away from the house so that Anita might not overhear our conversation, and then I laid the whole case before him. He was an Alsatian, but his English was perfectly easy to understand. 'I know precisely what it is that is wanted,' said he, 'and Mr. Baxter has made the arrangements with me. It is that madame shall not suppose anything but that what she wishes to be done shall be done.' 'That is the idea,' said I. 'Don't interfere with her but have everything done all right.' 'And I am to be man-of-all-work? I like that. You shall see that I am charmed. Now, I will go and change the clothes.'

"When Anita came down, the servant I had engaged was at the kitchen door waiting for orders. He was a plainly dressed man, his whole appearance neat but humble. 'He looks like a foreigner,' said Anita. 'You are right,' I replied, 'he is an Alsatian.' 'And his name?' I was about to tell her Isadore, but I stopped myself. It was barely possible that she might have heard the name of the man who for two years had composed the peculiar and delicious ices of which she was so fond; she might even have seen him and the name might call up some recollection. 'Did you say your name was Isaac?' I called out to the man. 'Yes, sir,' he answered, 'it is that. I am Isaack.' 'I am going to get breakfast,' said Anita: 'do you suppose he can build a fire?' 'Oh, yes,' I replied, 'that is what he is engaged for—to be the man-of-all-work.'

"Prompted by curiosity, I shortly afterward looked into the kitchen. 'While

'you prepare the table, madame,' the man-of-all-work was saying, 'shall I arrange the coffee for the hot water?' 'Do you know how to do it?' she asked. 'Oh, yes, madame,' the good Isaac replied. 'In a little hut in Alsace, where I was born, I was obliged to learn to do all things. My father and my mother they had no daughter, and I had to be their daughter as well as their son. I learn to cook the simple food, I milk the cow, I rub the horse, I dig in the garden, I pick the berries in the woods.' As he talked, Isaac was not idle; he was busy with the coffee. 'That is very interesting,' said Anita to me; 'where there are no daughters among the poor, the sons must learn a great deal.'

'I remained at the kitchen door to see what would happen next. There was a piece of dough upon a floury board, and when Anita went to lay the table the Alsatian fairly flew upon this dough. It was astonishing to see with what rapidity he manipulated it. When Anita came back she took the dough and divided it into four portions. 'There will be two rolls apiece for us,' she said. 'And now, Isaac, will you put them into the stove? The back part is where we bake things. We are going to have some lamb-chops and an omelet,' she said to me, as she approached the hamper. 'Ah, madame,' cried the Alsatian, 'allow me to lift the chops. The raw meat will make your fingers smell.' 'That is true,' said Anita; 'you may take them out,' and then she went back to the dining-room.

'Isaac knelt by the hamper. Then he lifted his eyes to the skies and involuntarily exclaimed, 'Oh, tonnerre! They were not put by the ice,' and he gave a melancholy sniff. 'But they will be all right,' he said, turning to me. 'Have trust.' The man-of-all-work handled the chops and offered to beat the omelet, but Anita would not let him do this; she made it herself, a book open beside her as she did so. Then she told Isaac to put it into the oven, and asked me if I were ready for breakfast. As she turned to leave the room I saw her assistant whip her omelet out of the stove and slip in another one. When or where he had made it I had no idea. It must have been while she was looking for the sugar. 'A most ex-

cellent breakfast,' said I, when the meal was over, and I spoke the exact truth. 'Yes,' said Anita, 'but I think I shall do better after I have had more practice. I wonder if that man really can wash dishes.' On being questioned, Isaac declared that in the humble cot in which he had been born he had been obliged to wash dishes. There were no daughters and his mother was infirm. 'That is good, and if any of the plates need a little rubbing up afterward, I can do them,' said Anita. 'Now, we will take a walk over the place, which we have not done yet.'

'When we returned Isaac was working in the garden. Anita went into the house, and then the man-of-all-work approached me; he had in his hand a little piece of red earthenware, which he held up before me in one hand and touched his cap with the other. 'Sir,' said he, 'is it all pots—grass, bushes, everything?' 'Oh, no,' said I. 'What is the matter?' 'Excuse me,' said he, 'but everywhere I work in the garden I strike pots, and I broke this one. But I will be more careful; I will not rub so deep.'

'For two or three days Anita and I enjoyed ourselves greatly; we walked, we sat in the shade, we lay in hammocks, we read novels. 'That man,' said Anita, 'is of the greatest possible assistance to me. The fact is, that having been taught to do all sorts of things in his infancy, he does the hard work of the kitchen, and all that it is necessary for me to do is to give the finishing touches.'

'That afternoon, when I saw the well-known chef, Isadore, for some years head cook to the Duke of Oxminster, and willing to accept a second place in the culinary department of my town house only on account of extraordinary privileges and emoluments—when I saw this man of genius coming down the hill carrying a heavy basket, which probably contained meats packed in ice, I began to wonder about two things: in the first place, I wondered what exceptional remuneration, in addition to his regular salary, Baxter had offered Monsieur Isadore, in return for his exceptional services in our cot. And in the second place, I wondered if it were exactly fair to practise such a variety of deceptions upon Anita. But I quieted my conscience

by assuring it that I was doing everything for her benefit and happiness, particularly in regard to this man-of-all-work, who was probably saving us from chronic dyspepsia; besides, it was perfectly fair play, for if she had told me she was going to do all my cooking, I never would have come to this cot.

"It was that evening, and we were both in a good humor after a good dinner, that my wife somewhat disturbed my peace of mind. 'Everything is going on so smoothly and in such a pastoral and delightful way,' she said, 'that I want some of our friends to visit us. I want them to see for themselves how enjoyable such a life as this really is; I do not believe any of them know anything about it.' 'Friends!' I exclaimed. 'We do not want people here. We cannot entertain them. Such a thing was never contemplated by either of us, I am sure.' 'That is true,' said Anita, 'but things are different from what I expected. We have a guest-room which is furnished and fitted up just as well as our own is. If we are satisfied, I am sure anybody ought to be. I tell you who will be a good person to invite for the first one—Mr. Rounders.'

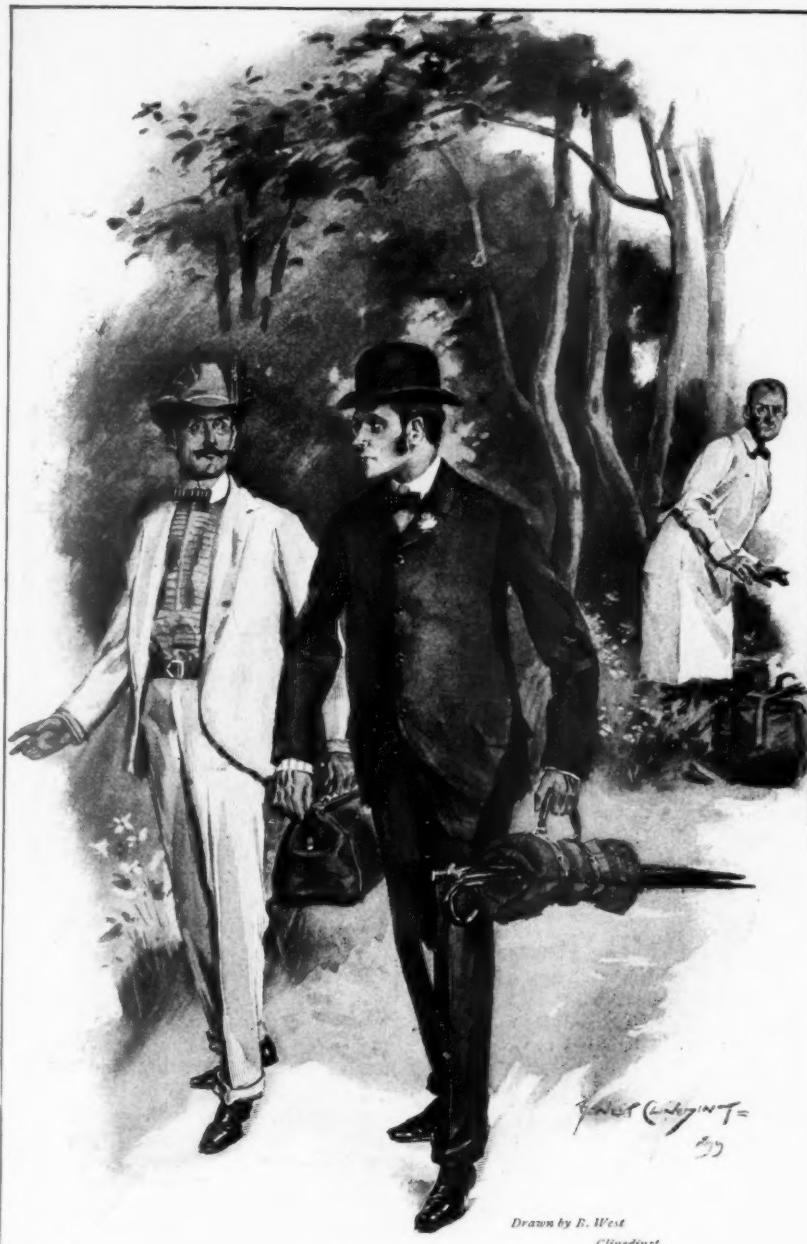
"'Rounders!' I exclaimed. 'He is the last man in the world for a guest in a cot.' 'No, he is not,' answered Anita. 'He would like it very much, indeed. He would be perfectly willing and glad to do anything you do and to live in any way you live. Besides, he told me, not very long ago, that he often thought of the joys of a humble life, without care, without anxiety, enough, no more, and a peaceful mind.' 'Very well,' said I, 'this is your picnic, and we will have Rounders and his wife.' 'No, indeed,' said Anita, very emphatically; 'she could not come, anyway, because she is in Europe, but I would not have her if she were here. If he comes, he is to come alone. Shall I write him a note, or will you?' She wrote the note, and when it was finished, Isaac had it mailed.

"The more I thought of this invitation, the more interested I became in it; no one could be more unsuited to a cotter's life than Godfrey Rounders. He was a middle-aged man and rich, but he was different from any other rich man with whom I was acquainted. It was impossible to talk to

him, or even to be with him for five minutes, without perceiving that he was completely controlled by the money-habit. He knew this, but he could not help it. In business resorts, in society and in the clubs, he met great capitalists, millionaires, and men of wealth of all degrees, who were gentlemen, scholars, kind and deferential in manner and unobtrusive in dress, and not to be distinguished, so far as conversation or appearance could serve as guides, from those high types of gentlemen who are recognized all over the world. Rounders longed to be like one of these but he found it to be impossible. He was too old to reform, and the money-habit had such a control over him that even when he slept I believe he was conscious of his wealth. He was not a coarse, vulgar Dives; he had the instincts of a gentleman, but these were powerless. The consciousness of money showed itself on him like a perspiration; wipe his brow as he might, it always reappeared.

"He had not been poor in his early life; his father was a man of moderate means, and Rounders had never known privations and hardships, but in his intense desire to make people think that his character had not been affected by his money, he sometimes alluded to straits and difficulties he had known in early days, of which he hinted he was not now in the least ashamed. But he was so careful to keep these incidents free from any suspicions of real hardships or poverty, that he always failed to make the impression he desired. I have seen him quite downcast after an interview with strangers, and I was well aware what was the matter with him. He was aware that in spite of his attempts to conceal the domination of his enslaving habit, these people had discovered it. But after considering all this, I came to believe possibly Rounders might like to come to stay a few days with us. Life in a cot without any people to wait upon him would be a great thing for him to talk about; it might help to make some people believe that he was getting the better of his money-habit.

"In the middle of the night I happened to wake, then I happened to think of Rounders; then I happened to think of a story Baxter had told me, and then I burst



Drawn by R. West
Climedust.

"WE ALL WENT DOWN TO THE COT."

out into a loud laugh. Fortunately Anita did not awake. She merely talked in her sleep and turned over. The story Baxter had told me was this: In the past winter I had given a grand dinner, and Rounders was one of the guests. Isadore's specialty was ices, pastry, salads, and all sorts of delicate preparations, and he had excelled himself on this occasion, especially in the matter of sweets. At an unhappy moment Rounders had said to his neighbor that if she could taste the sort of thing she was eating, as his cook made it, she would know what it really ought to be. An obliging butler carried this remark to Monsieur Isadore as he was sipping his wine in his dressing-gown and slippers. The interesting part of this anecdote was Baxter's description of Isadore's rage. The furious cook took a cab and drove directly to Baxter's hotel. The wording of Monsieur Isadore's volcanic remarks I cannot state, but he butchered, cut up, roasted, carved, peppered and salted Rounders's moral and social character in such a masterly way that Baxter laughed himself hoarse. The fiery cook would have left my service then and there if Baxter had not assured him that if the gilded reptile ever dined with me again Isadore should be informed beforehand, that he might have nothing to do with anything that went on the table. In consequence of this promise Monsieur Isadore, having withdrawn a deposit of several thousand dollars from one of the trust companies with which Rounders was connected, consented to remain in my household.

"Now then," I asked myself, "how are we going to get along with Rounders and my man-of-all-work, Isaac?" But the invitation had gone and there was no help for it. I concluded, and I think wisely, that it would be unkind to trouble Anita by telling her anything about this complication, but I would prepare the mind of the good Isaac. I went into the garden the next morning where our man-of-all-work was gathering vegetables, and when I told him Mr. Godfrey Rounders was coming to spend a few days with us, the face of Isadore—for it was impossible at that moment to think of him as Isaac—was a wonderful sight to see; his brows

contracted, his countenance darkened, and his eyes flashed as though they were about to shoot out lightning. Then all color, even his natural ruddiness, departed from his face. He bowed gravely. "I have heard it said that you have taken some sort of a dislike to Mr. Rounders," I said, "and while I have nothing to do with that, and do not want to know anything about it, I do not wish to force you into an unpleasant position, and if you would rather go away while Mr. Rounders is here, I will have some one sent to take your place until he leaves. Then we shall want you back again. In this unusual position you have acquitted yourself most admirably." While I was speaking, Isaac had been thinking, hard and fast; it was easy to see this by the varied expressions which swept over his face. When I had finished he spoke quite blandly: "It is that it would be beneath me, sir, to allow any of the dislikes of mine to interfere with the comforts or the pleasures of yourself and madame. I beg you will not believe I will permit myself to think of such a thing. I remain so long as it is that you wish me. Is it that you intend your visitor shall know my position in your town house?" "Oh, no," said I, "I shall not tell him, and I am much obliged to you for your willingness to stay."

"Rounders arrived according to schedule. I met him at the gate and explained that my wife insisted it would be incongruous for a carriage to drive up to the cot. 'I like that!' exclaimed Rounders; 'I like to walk a little.' I took up one of his valises, the good Isaac carried the two larger ones, while Rounders, with an apologetic look from right to left, as if there might be some person present to whom this action should be explained, took in his hand some canes and umbrellas wrapped in a rug, and we all went down to the cot where Anita was waiting to receive us. 'Oh, I like this,' said Rounders quite cheerfully. 'I do not know when I have gone anywhere without some of my people. But I assure you I like it. At the bottom of our hearts we all like this sort of thing.'

"Anita showed him everything and probably bored him dreadfully, but our guest was determined to be pleased and never ceased to say how much he liked



Drawn by B. West
Climedinst.

"I MADE HIM DIG UP WHOLE BEDS OF THINGS."

everything. There was no foolish pride about him, he said; he believed in coming close to nature, and although a great many of the peaceful joys of humanity were denied the man of affairs, still, when the opportunity came, how gladly our inward natures rose up to welcome it. 'Your wife tells me,' said he, 'that she is cook, house-keeper, everything. This is charming. It must be a joy to you to know she is capable of it. But, my dear friend,' he said, putting his hand upon my shoulder, 'you must not let her overwork herself. She will be very apt to do it; the temptation is great. I am sure if I were she, the temptation to overwork in these new spheres would be very great.'

"Rounders certainly did overwork himself, and this was in the line of trying to make us believe that he thoroughly liked this plan of living in a cot by a rill, and that he was quite capable of forgetting his ordinary life of affluence and luxury in the simple joys of our rural household. He would have produced a better impression on both Anita and me if he had not said so much about it. But I knew what he was trying to do and made all the necessary allowances for him.

"But say what he might, I knew he was not satisfied. I could see that he missed his 'people,' by whom he was accustomed to be surrounded and served, and I soon found out that his meals did not suit him. Anita visited the kitchen more frequently than she had done just before Rounders arrived, and she talked a great deal about the dishes which were served to us, but so far as I could judge, she had no more to do with their preparation than she had previously had. I was thoroughly well satisfied with everything, but although Rounders was not, it was impossible for him to say so, when he sat opposite the lady who told him two or three times at every meal that she presided in the kitchen. Of course I would have done anything in my power to give Rounders things to eat that he liked, but I did not know what to do; our table was just as good, though not as varied, as it was when we were in town, and that Rounders was accustomed to living better than we did. I could not for one moment believe, and I came to the conclusion that in spite of his efforts to

subdue his dominating habit he could not resist the temptation to let us know that he was not used to humble life, or even the appearance of it.

"So I enjoyed our three good meals a day—Anita would not allow us any more—which were prepared by one of the best cooks on the continent, from the choicest materials furnished regularly under Baxter's orders, and if Rounders chose to think that what was good enough for me was not good enough for him he must go his own way and suffer accordingly. In fortune and station I was so immeasurably superior to him that it nettled me a little to see him put on airs at the table to which I had invited him. But Rounders was Rounders and I did not allow my irritation to continue.

"In two or three days our visitor's overwork began to show on him; his naturally plump cheeks hung down, his eyes drooped, and although he drank a great deal of wine he was seldom in good spirits. On the fourth day of his visit, after the morning mail had been brought to us by Isaac, Rounders came to me and told me he had just received a letter which would make it necessary for him to go home that afternoon. I expressed my regret, but did not urge him to stay, for it was obvious that he wanted to go. 'I have had a most delightful time,' he said, as he took leave of Anita, 'but business is business and I cannot put it aside.'

"I believed both these statements to be incorrect. I knew that at that season he was not likely to be called away on business, and he had given me no reason to suppose he was enjoying himself; therefore, as I walked with him to the gate, I am afraid I was only stiffly polite. Our spirits rose after his departure. Anita said she had found him an incongruity, and I was tired of the spectacle of a purse-proud man endeavoring to appear like other people.

"But if I were harsh in my judgment of him, I was speedily punished. On the third day after he left I received a message from Baxter, who wanted to see me at Baldwin's tent. I found his errand indeed urgent, and that he was fully warranted in disturbing our privacy; the members of an English syndicate were coming down from Canada to make the final arrangement with

me for the purchase of a great tract of mining land, and as my presence and signature were absolutely necessary in the concluding stages of the transaction, I should be obliged to be in New York on the next day but one.

"I was greatly annoyed by this intelligence: the weather was particularly fine; Anita was reading me a most interesting novel, and I was settling myself down to a thorough enjoyment of our cottage life, which I did not wish interfered with by anybody or anything. I growlingly asked why the syndicate had chosen such an unsuitable time of the year to come from Canada, but Baxter did not know. I continued to growl, but there was no way out of it; I must go to New York. For the sake of perhaps half a million dollars, which would not alter our ordinary manner of living, which would not give us any pleasures, privileges or advantages of any kind which we did not already possess, we must break up our delightful life at the cot and the rill, and go back to the humdrums of ordinary society.

"Baxter tried to console me, and said we could easily return when this business had been settled, but I knew that going away would break the charm; I thoroughly understood Anita's nature, and I was sure, if she left the cot for a time, she would not want to go back to it. But when I told her Baxter's business, and that she would have to have some one come to pack up for her, she flatly declared that no one should do anything of the kind. She would stay where she was. 'You can't stay here by yourself,' I cried. 'Of course not,' she said; 'who could imagine such an absurdity? But I shall not be alone; I was thinking this very morning of Fanny Ransmore and her mother. I want some women guests this time, and they would be delightful after Mr. Rounders. Fanny is as lively as a cricket and Mrs. Ransmore could take care of anybody. You can tell Baxter to have some one patrol the grounds at night and we shall get along beautifully.' 'But can you get the Ransmores?' I asked. 'Certainly,' said she. 'They are at Newport now, but I will telegraph immediately, and they can start to-night and get here to-morrow afternoon. You need not be afraid they cannot

come. They would give up any engagement on earth to be our only guests.'

"The matter was settled according to Anita's plan, and I was more willing to go to New York when I reflected that after the Ransmores came, Anita would not be able to read aloud to me."

"At this point," said the Master of the House, "your hero makes me angry. Why should he think he could not go away and leave his wife for three days when I leave my wife, and daughter, too, for three years? His Anita is not worth one-twentieth as much as either my wife or daughter. Then again, if I were in his place, I would not allow a disadvantageous half million to take me away from you two. It is only the absolutely necessary thousands that makes me leave you as I do."

"Your sentiments are just as nice as they can be, papa," said the Daughter of the House, "but don't you see if the gentleman did what you would do it would spoil the story?"

"That is true!" exclaimed the captain, stretching himself at full length in his chair; "I did not think of that. Madam, please proceed; let the King of Siam recommence his performances."

"I will merely remark," said the Mistress of the House, "that if the King of Siam undertook to emulate my hero in all his performances, it would be a bad thing for his already overtaxed subjects."

"The Ransmores arrived on time and as delighted with the invitation as Anita had said they would be. According to her orders, neither of them brought a maid, which must have been rather hard on the old lady, but they declared that the fun of waiting on themselves would be greater than anything Newport could possibly offer them.

"I went to New York, attended to my business, which occupied me for three days, and then I thought this would be a good opportunity to take a trip to Philadelphia to look at a large steam-yacht which was in the course of construction for me at one of the shipyards there. I did not feel in such a hurry to go back to the cot now that the Ransmores were there, and I was sure, also, that Anita would like to hear about the new yacht in which we hoped to

make a Mediterranean voyage during the next winter. But early in the forenoon of my second day in Philadelphia, while I was engaged in a consultation concerning some of the interior fittings of the yacht, I received a telegram from Baxter informing me that my wife had returned from the cot, on the previous evening, and was now at our town house. At this surprising intelligence I dropped the business in hand and went to New York by the first train.

" 'Of course,' said Anita, when we were alone, 'I will tell you why I left that precious cot. We had a very good time after you left, and I showed the Ransmores everything. The next day Fanny and I determined to go fishing, leaving Mrs. Ransmore to read novels in a hammock, which she adores. Isaac was just as good as he could be all the time; he got rods for us and made us some beautiful bait out of raw beef, for, of course, we did not want to handle worms, and we started for the river. We had just reached a place where we could see the water when Fanny called out that somebody had a chicken-yard there and that we should have to go around it. We walked ever and ever so far, over all sorts of stones and bushes until we made up our minds we were inside a chicken-yard and not outside, and so could not get around it. I was very much put out and did not like it a bit because we could not reach the river, but Fanny saw through it all and said she was sure the fence had been put there to keep all sorts of things from disturbing us, and then she proposed fishing in the rill.'

" 'We tried this a long time, but not a bite could we get, and then Fanny went wandering up the stream to see if she could not find a spring, because she said she had heard that trout were often found in cold springs. After a while she came running back and said she had found the spring and what on earth did I think it was? She had soon come to what seemed to be the upper end of the rill and went down on her hands and knees and looked under the edge of a great flat rock and there she saw the end of an iron pipe through which the water was running. When I heard this I threw down my fishing-rod and would have nothing to do with an artificial rill. I remembered then that I had thought,

two or three times, it had improved very much since I had first seen it, and when I asked Mr. Baxter about it last night he said the original rill had not water enough in it for little cataracts and ponds, and all that, and so he had brought down water from some other stream about half a mile away.'

" 'When we went back to the cot Fanny seemed to have her suspicions excited, and she pried into everything, and soon told me that the furniture and all the things in the cot were only imitations of the things plain country people use and were in reality of the best materials and wonderfully well made, and that it must have cost lots of money to buy all these imitations of old-fashioned, poor-folksy things. Then she went into the garden and peered about and told Isaac, who was working there, that she had never seen so many different kinds of vegetables all ripe at the same time. He touched his cap and said that was a compliment to his gardening, but pretty soon she saw the edge of a flower-pot sticking above the ground and showed it to me. I made him dig up whole beds of things and there were nothing but pots and pots and pots in which everything was growing.'

" 'I went back to the house and looked about a good deal more, with Fanny at my elbow to tell me how poor people would never have this or that or the other thing. Then I was very angry with myself for not being able to see these things without having them pointed out to me by that Fanny Ransmore, who was not invited to pry about and make herself disagreeable in that way.' 'And were you angry with me?' I asked. 'Yes,' she answered, 'for a little while. But when I remembered the plans I had made, I thought we were about square and that I had concealed as much from you as you had from me.'

" 'I was not angry, but I was determined I would not stay in that mock cot any longer. I could not bear the sight of anything I looked at, so I thought the quickest way of settling the matter was to get rid of the whole business at once, and I told Isaac to put a crowbar under the kitchen stove, which was full of burning wood, and turn it over. But he was horrified and said he might be arrested and



"THEY WENT ABOUT SHOUTING WITH DELIGHT AT EVERYTHING THEY SAW."

*Drawn by R. West
Chidiock.*

put in prison for doing that, and besides it would be such a shame to waste so many beautiful things. Fanny and her mother thought so, too, so I asked Isaac where the family lived who used to own the cot and he said they were still at the hotel, not being able to find any suitable quarters. So I sent for the widow and her daughter and son, and I told them to take the cot just as it was and to keep it forever, and I would have Mr. Maxwell make out the law papers. They went about shouting with delight at everything they saw, very different from that Fanny. So it was really a very nice thing to do and I felt a great deal better. And here I am and you will find Fanny and her mother somewhere in the house, whenever you want to see them. After this I think it will be better for us both not to try any affectionate frauds on each other.'

"I was very glad the investigating Fanny had not discovered all my affectionate frauds and that I was able, myself, to reveal to Anita the identity of the useful Isaac. This did amaze her and for a moment I thought she was going to cry, but she was not in the habit of doing much of that sort of thing and presently laughed. 'Monsieur Isadore!' she exclaimed. 'Working in the garden and washing pots and pans! Why, don't you know some people think he is almost as good as our head chef, Leonard?' 'As good!' I cried. 'He is infinitely better. Leonard could never have done for us what our good Isaac did. And now I must tell you a story about Isadore that Baxter related to me this morning as we drove up from the station. I then told her the story of Isadore alias Isaac, of his dislike for Mr. Rounders, and of the noble manner in which he had determined to stand by us when he heard that gentleman was about to visit us. 'After Rounders's arrival,' I remarked, 'things went on apparently as well as before——' 'Apparently!' Anita interrupted. 'They went on better than before. I let Isaac, as we called him, do a great deal more of the cooking than he did before Mr. Rounders came. I thought our meals were remarkably good, and if Mr. Rounders did not like them, as I sometimes feared, I believed it was because he could not help putting on airs, even to us.'

"I laughed. 'Well,' said I, 'the state of the case was this: During the whole time Rounders stayed with us Isadore did not cook one particle of food for him.' 'That was impossible!' cried Anita. 'I noticed nothing of the kind, and besides, Mr. Rounders would have found it out immediately.' 'Of course neither of us noticed it,' said I, 'for Isadore did not serve us with any of the things he gave to Rounders. And as for the latter discovering he was eating his food raw, he had no idea that such was the case. He supposed he was eating what we ate and therefore did not like to say anything about it.' 'But I do not understand!' cried Anita. 'How could any one eat things and not know they were uncooked?' 'You do not understand,' I said, 'because you do not comprehend the deep and wonderful art of Isadore. Baxter tried to explain some of it to me, as he heard it from the lips of the chef himself, but I do not know enough of kitchen magic to understand it. As Isadore waited on us, he was able to bring us well-prepared food and to give Mr. Rounders something very different, but which looked just like what we had. Even his coffee was served in a cup heated hot in the oven, while the coffee itself had merely been warmed. I cannot explain all these meals-without-cooking, and if you want to know more you must ask Isadore himself. But Baxter told me that spices and condiments must have been used with wonderful effect, and that the poor man must have lived mostly on biscuits. Isadore said that all his life he would laugh when he thought of Mr. Rounders trying to eat a chicken croquette the inside of which was perfectly raw, while the outside smoked, and looked at the same time with astonishment at you and me as we quietly ate what seemed to be exactly the same thing he had on his plate.' 'But, Harold,' said Anita, 'that was a shameful way to treat our guest.'

"That is what Baxter said to Isadore, but the cook excused himself by stating that all this happened in a cot, in a dear little cot, where everything was different from everything else in the world, and where he had tried to make you and me happy, and where he himself had been so happy, especially when he saw Mr. Rounders

trying to eat chicken croquettes. He was also so pleased with the life at the cot that he is going to have one of his own when he goes back to Alsace, which will be shortly, as he has made enough to satisfy his wants, and he intends to retire there and be happy in a cot.' Anita reflected for a few moments and then she said, 'I think life in a cot might be very happy indeed—for Isaac.' "

With this the Mistress of the House rose from her chair.

"Is that all?" exclaimed her daughter. "There are several things I want to know."

"That is all," replied the story-teller. "Like a good King of Siam I consider my already overtaxed subjects." And with this she went into the house.

"Do either of you suppose," remarked the Master of the House, "that the Anita woman gave the whole of that great estate to the widow and her two children? How much land do you think, John Gayther, was inclosed inside of that chicken-wire?"

"I have been calculating it in my head," replied the gardener, "and it must have been over a thousand acres. But for my part, sir, I don't believe it was all given to the widow. When Mr. Baxter came to attend to the papers I think he made over the cot and about seven acres of land, which was quite enough to be attended to by a half-grown boy."

"Ah, me!" said the captain, folding his arms, as he leaned his broad back against one of the pillars of the piazza, "these great volcanoes of wealth—always in eruption, always squirting out town houses, country houses, butlers, chefs, under-chefs, diamonds, ladies' maids, horses, carriages, seaside gardens, thousand-acre poultry-yards, private sidetracks, and clouds of money which obscure the sun—daze my eyes and amaze my soul. John Gayther, I wish you would send me one of your turnip-hoers; I want him to take my second-best shoes to the village to be mended."

THE STRANGEST THING.

BY JEAN ROSS IRVINE.

I LOVED a man.—Of ivory
And graven gold and fair quaint stones
My woman's soul set up for me
A god; and woman's heart was priest.
Upon His altar, sin by sin,
I died.

With a lost soul's calm eyes—
Deep lidless eyes of death—I saw,
And rent through love's divine disguise.
My god was but a rusted nail
The Cardinal Spider, woman's heart,
Had hung with tissues of spun gold:
And lo, His gems were gray ghost-pears,
Were but the tears in mine own eyes!

Not loving is the most strange thing,
Nor being loved, but only LOVE—
The multiplex, cruel and sweet,
The wide and high and deep and old,
White fire from heaven, Rose of Hell
That drips with blood—most wonderful!

THE CHILD BROUGHT UP AT HOME.

BY FLORA Z. BRIGGS.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—That there is a strong belief among the mothers of the country that a child can be educated profitably at home until the age of twelve, is evidenced by the large number of manuscripts put in competition for the prize offered by THE COSMOPOLITAN for the best paper on "How to Educate Children at Home Between the Ages of Three and Twelve." No attempt will be made here to discuss the comparative advantages of home or school training for young children, but to all those who have in any way to do with the training of a child at home, Mrs. Briggs's able essay is cordially commended. It is awarded the prize of one hundred and fifty dollars.

EDUCATION, in any true sense, has to do with the right development of the head, the heart and the body; in other words, it is a cultivation of the mental, moral and physical natures of the child, whether the training be given at home or elsewhere. It is education along these three lines that we shall consider in turn, indicating a method of instruction proper to each. In practice, of course, the training along these lines is coördinated, as in the child the mind, the spirit and the body work together.

Since the education is to be at home, we may suppose the parents to be the teachers, or perhaps the mother alone; or it may be that governesses and tutors who reside with the family are employed; or it may be that masters come in daily from outside to impart various knowledge and accomplishments.

In the intellectual gymnasium the parents usually are not the best trainers. From the nature of things, it is rare for a father to be the teacher of his young children. He is the bread-winner, and the struggle for the existence of himself and those dependent on him absorbs all his time and energies. Sometimes the mother assumes the duties of governess to her children, but if one does not have to regard the expense it is safe to say that children will be better instructed by strangers than by their parents. Even where the means of the household are limited, and the mother is forced to choose between help in the kitchen and help in the school-room, she will, if a wise woman, choose the humbler sphere and delegate to another the task of teaching her children. It is hard to habituate children to real study, especially at home. A persistent pressure must be

brought to bear and a stranger is more apt to exert this than the parent. The teacher is a taskmaster, and he should not be a capricious one, as the father or mother is too prone to be. Besides, it cannot but be that one who makes a business of teaching knows better how to obtain good work from his pupils than a mother, whose attention and energies, as the head of a household, are distracted by a multiplicity of contending interests. If she be trying to do two things at once, there will be a distraction of the child's attention also, and a consequent loss of interest in the work in hand not productive of the best results. Whoever, then, does the teaching, should give it his undivided attention. If from choice, or fortuity of circumstances, a mother assumes the teaching of her children, let it be her business for the time being, and let it be given her whole mind.

Regular study hours should be observed, and a room in the home should be set apart and specially fitted up for purposes of study—particularly if more than one child are to be taught.

When a child is three years old it is only just beginning to use its reasoning faculties, but it learns readily much from observation. From this age to that of five or six, kindergarten methods are doubtless best adapted to develop the powers of the little learner, because they are the most attractive to him. The young mind is growing steadily, and proper mental nourishment is as essential as proper bodily nourishment. Of course, the small students should not have much enforced discipline yet: the enforcement of law must be gradual, as is the expansion of the mind.

Leaving behind the years of kindergarten work, the child begins the study of books.

Here there should be no crowding; and the motto of one of the best of our older educators is an excellent one to adopt: "One thing at a time, again and again repeated."

As for the subjects to be taught, the following are certainly essential: Reading, writing, spelling, geography, history (of the child's native land, and biblical), composition (both oral and written expression), singing by note, and drawing.

The amount of ground to be covered by the child in his studies, of course, must be gaged largely by his mental capacity. One child may develop much more slowly than his sister or brother. The advance of such a child will have to be slower; but in the end his mind may prove to be of better caliber than that of a more precocious child.

No Procrustean rule in regard to the amount to be learned in these nine years can be laid down, but whatever is undertaken must be understood and learned thoroughly. Special attention to composition and history seems to be advisable. From the time a child begins to talk, strict watch should be had over his speech, that he learn to speak his mother-tongue with correctness and purity. Here the parents can be of the greatest assistance in supplementing the efforts of the teacher.

Oral composition is a very profitable exercise, best practised by making the child tell the teacher what he knows about a given matter. In this way the pupil is trained in fluent and correct speech, and will learn not to be afraid of the sound of his own voice.

As soon as he can write, he should have daily exercise in written composition, reproducing in his own language what he has learned by observation, from books, or from the lips of others. He should be taught to aim at accuracy of statement, and at correctness and clearness of language. Historical incidents lend themselves readily to this kind of exercise: they are interesting and inspiring, and writing helps fix them in the memory. Turning verse into prose is a good exercise. Occasionally trying to reproduce something written by a master of style, and critically comparing the result with the original, is profitable for the formation of a good style. It is said that Benjamin Franklin formed

his literary style by reproducing in this way Addison's essays in the "Spectator."

A child should be early taught the history of his country. The Hebrews had the right idea about this, and the Germans have too. Nothing will awaken love of his native land in the impressionable soul of a child like stories of the national heroes, their exploits and self-sacrifice. History reveals how noble a heritage he has entered upon, and inspires in him the wish to do heroically in his turn.

It may be old-fashioned to believe that biblical history should be taught to children in early years, systematically, like other tasks at school, and not left entirely to the helter-skelter instruction too often given in Sabbath-schools, but in the Bible is found the purest code of ethics yet elaborated for mankind, and, as Matthew Arnold said, it will be a long while yet before we can afford to shelve the Bible with unused rubbish.

All children love to sing, and they should sing daily: singing is a rest from other work. If songs were interspersed freely between recitations, they would tone up the tired minds, as calisthenics rests the bodies of children after sitting for some time.

Teach the children to sing by note. To study instrumental music and then abandon it, is a waste of both time and money. Not so with vocal music. The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument in the world, and it is quite worth while to expend time, labor and money in learning to use it in song and speech. Like the ability to draw, this accomplishment is a lifelong pleasure and solace to the possessor. It is a resource in solitude as well as a means of giving pleasure to others.

Just as every child should be taught to sing, so he should be taught to draw. The teaching to be worth anything, particularly in this branch, must be good. There are a number of the arts to which skilled draftsmanship is an "Open sesame" in afterlife. But we do not teach singing because we expect every child to turn out a Patti or a De Reszke, nor should we teach him drawing because we see in every child the possible artist or artisan. There is a deal of pure and simple pleasure in the

practice of this art, and while one may not himself have a spark of talent in these directions, the training of the hand and eye will enable one to appreciate and enjoy tenfold the work of those whom God has blessed with genius.

If the parents intend to give their child a complete musical education, the study of instrumental music should begin not later than the eighth year. The greatest pianists and violinists usually have begun earlier than that even. If the child is to have a classical education, the study of Latin should be begun not later than the tenth year. The best time for children to begin the acquisition of the modern languages is as soon as they learn to talk. Seemingly it is no trouble for young children to learn three or four languages simultaneously, provided they have native teachers with whom they converse in those tongues.

If the future education is to be of a plain, practical character, however, the study of either instrumental music or the languages, ancient or modern, is not to be advised. That would be heaping unprofitable work on young shoulders. I insist that during the nine years between the ages of three and twelve there shall be no unnecessary expenditure of the vital force. Let the intellectual foundation stand strong in simplicity.

But "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and Jane a dull girl." During the heated term school-work is suspended. The children, however, may not be left to follow their childish whims as to the way this leisure shall be spent. Idleness is not rest; in fact, it is as wearisome as labor. There is now time for more reading, and books of worth, suited to children of all ages, are within easy reach.

There are many ways of happy and profitable occupation, but I shall speak of only a few.

Let the children have their own garden—if only five feet square—in which to raise their flowers and whatever they may choose to plant. Even the baby of three will be interested in planting his seeds; probably they will be unearthed several times if they do not come up speedily enough to suit the little gardener. But seeds are cheap: let him plant more. In the cool of the summer mornings children

love nothing better than to work among their flowers and vegetables, breathing in the fresh, sweet air, enjoying at the same time a most healthful exercise.

Let the boys and girls have pets. In this way they learn to love animals and regard their comfort.

Encourage girls to sew for their dolls. Dolls are very innocent playthings for girls: they should be encouraged to play with them as long as they will. Teach them to cut, fit and make the doll dresses neatly. It is teaching them to sew. It is not a waste of time for a mother to stop her work and cut Dollie a new pattern, so that the young seamstress may take fresh interest in her new-style waist and sleeve. Better that fewer flounces should be put on the little girls' dresses than that mother should have no time to give to their childish work. In this, as in the other enjoyments of children, the mother's interest adds tenfold zest to their pleasure.

Let the children's playroom be within eyesight and earshot of mother, and not off in some unfrequented part of the house, as the attic. Probably the room at times will be disorderly, so as to shock over-particular housekeepers who think more of the looks of a room than of the good resulting from the temporary disorder. The little ones can be taught neatness very soon, and to keep their sewing and their carpentry in a limited space. We sometimes see mothers so careful of the household belongings that the liberties and pleasures of the children seemingly are lost sight of. "Don't do that," "Don't touch this," seem written on the very walls. Yes, we breathe it in the atmosphere, until "Don't be happy" is plainly written on the childish faces. Instead, we should teach our children to love home. It is natural for a child to do this, but if the home is not a cheerful and lovable one, it will not cherish the love long. It is in the sunny atmosphere of the home nest that the child must learn cheerfulness if it is to be stamped indelibly on its disposition.

All kinds of instructive games should be encouraged, the parents taking part, if possible. Sisters and brothers should be led to take an interest in each other's sports. It will not necessarily make a girl hotheadish to enjoy boyish sports, and they

often are a great advantage to her physically. On the other hand, boys should be taught that it is not "girlish" to play their sisters' gentler games. To play with the girls has a refining influence, and encourages much good-fellowship among brothers and sisters.

Let each child have a separate place in which to keep his belongings, and compel him to keep strictly within his own metes and bounds, and to care neatly for his possessions. In this way he learns three things: to be neat, to respect individuality, and to regard the rights of others.

Unconsciously in what we have said we have drifted from considering the education of the mind to matters that pertain more directly to the care and well-being of the body. Besides the gardening spoken of, there are many other sorts of outdoor exercises which can be participated in by the children of rich and poor alike.

For girls there is no better exercise than housework: it calls into use all sets of muscles. Of course, we mean the lighter duties, and not an over-amount of them. Boys' sports give abundant exercise to all the muscles, but girls are often delicate because of too little muscular activity.

Every boy and girl should be taught some handicraft or trade. It will be well for even wealthy parents to consider the fickleness of fortune, and wisely to put in the hands of their children a weapon against poverty. The evil day may never come—no matter; the children are none the worse off for knowing something so well that they could have earned their living by it. The having been guided in their youth into a practical way of looking at life is, of itself, worth a great deal.

Some matters that possibly may be regarded as of minor importance really have considerable bearing on bodily health and comfort. Children ought to learn to eat of every kind of healthful food; that is, their appetites should not be pampered. It is useful for the best health of the body that not only shall the food be nourishing, but that there be variety; e. g., bread and meat are healthful and strengthening, but should not be eaten exclusively. A child can be educated to eat proper food just as it can be taught to eat food properly—which, by the way, also deserves attention because of its effect on the health.

Children must be taught cleanliness, and its bearing on health and strength. Teach them to use the tooth-brush after each meal. This is too often neglected, and dearly do the children pay for negligence in later years. The habit of attending to the teeth will soon become fixed, and the discomfort arising from neglect will be all the reminder needed to call attention to the oversight.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the erect position of the body, both sitting and standing. And some attention should be given to the position in which children lie in bed when sleeping. They should at least start the night lying straight, on the flat of the back or on the right side. Many children naturally curl up into a ball, as it were, and to lie nine or ten hours in so tense a position is anything but restful.

In the physical as in the intellectual training of children, parents are the court of final appeal as to what is best to do. Mrs. A can borrow Mrs. B's receipt and make just as fine a pudding as Mrs. B, because the ingredients are the same; but Mrs. A cannot borrow Mrs. B's receipt how to educate her children, because the ingredients of the children are not the same.

In the realm of moral or ethical education (which we should like to call the "higher education"), none can accomplish the work as well as a good and loving mother. Let us review the professions she must practise in her work as educator during these early years:—

First, she is a minister in the fullest sense: she ministers both to the temporal and to the spiritual natures of her children.

Second, she teaches many branches.

Third, she is a lawyer. Not only that, but she must be her own jury, her own judge. How many disputes she must hear and settle—hearing both sides, judging impartially, and bringing in a just verdict.

Fourth, she must many times be a doctor, and very often her simple remedies are far better than the doctor's Latin-labeled doses.

She must be a carpenter for broken toys—even a blacksmith at times. Besides, she must often be cook, laundry-maid, seamstress—ofttimes milkmaid and market-woman. Over and above all, she must be

the good, patient mother, a companion for the family—in short, a home-brightener.

Such a mother is indeed a living example whom children will eagerly emulate.

Here what are the branches taught? What are the hours of teaching? At what age does the work begin?

Among the things to be taught are strict obedience, truthfulness, justice, true politeness, and unselfishness. And upon the success with which the children are grounded in these virtues will depend most of their future happiness or misery. The hours of teaching are from the time the children open their eyes in the morning until they close them in sleep at night, day in and day out, from year to year. The moral education begins when the child is surprisingly young—much younger, probably, than when the intellectual training is begun.

How shall a child be taught obedience? If there be a demand anywhere in life for the "happy medium," surely the mother needs to steer her course by it. She should remember what seems too often forgotten, that she can no more teach a child strict obedience instantly, or in a few months, than she can teach it Greek instantly. The habit of obedience is of gradual growth, as are other habits, virtuous and otherwise. Most children can be beaten into obedience very young, but is it an obedience of which a loving mother is proud? Pity the mother who has control over her children only through fear, for as soon as they are a little older they will throw off the yoke of fear, and how then shall she hold them? Especially is this mode of government disastrous in bringing up boys. If the child has become strictly obedient by the time it is six years old, the mother may feel she has fought a good fight and won a great victory.

Threats should seldom be made, but if made, should be carried out. The Bible says there is a time for all things, and in enforcing obedience there are times when the mother should be deaf, dumb and blind, figuratively speaking. The effect will be better than if every tiny fault is seen, every naughty word is heard, and reproved unceasingly.

How can we make our children truth-tellers? A highly imaginative child is

more addicted to untruthfulness than the unimaginative one, hence must be more strictly educated to the truth.

To believe unquestioned everything a child says is a very sure way to encourage untruth. When a complaint is brought to her, a mother should always question the child, and point out to it both sides of the matter. It is human nature to see only one side of a story, the side most favorable to us, and the child is not to blame; but it is the duty of the mother to educate it to see both sides, and as far as possible she should encourage it not to repeat stories at all or to find fault.

To disbelieve everything that a child says, is just as disastrous as to believe everything. Children should be taught that the party most guilty in a quarrel or dissension is he or she who provokes to wrath—no matter in what way it be.

To have truthful children the mother must be strictly truthful, making promises only which she keeps, not simply to get rid of the teasings of a child and with no thought of fulfilment. She must teach truth by example. She cannot use deception herself and not be detected by her children, whose perfect faith is hard to restore if once shaken. If a mother lays aside her sweet, ladylike manners and winning ways with her best dress and bonnet, for public use, or to be donned when callers come, can she expect her little ones to be honest and truthful? Many mothers show their angel side to strangers and their very earthly side to the loved ones at home. Of course, the result is only as one would expect: the children soon deceive in all kinds of ways.

How are ideas of justice to be fostered? Justice may be called the twin-sister of truth, for what is justice but truth in thought and deed? Here, again, the mother will have to educate her children by example, and will have to educate herself along with her little ones. It is in the exercise of her judicial functions that the mother's justice will be most severely tried. In a difficult case a lawyer can go to his law-books or ask advice of his brother lawyer, and usually has time to consult both. The mother lawyer cannot do this. She must often try a case on an instant's notice. She must not be influenced one

way or the other by the complainants, but must weigh all the evidence from all sides—and is it not strange how many sides a quarrel can have? She must sit as judge on all the evidence, occupy the place of twelve men tried and true as jury, and must convince the offender of his error. Finally the penalty must be administered, kindly, yet firmly.

Now it is not possible for a mother to judge case after case without sometimes making a mistake. *Then* what is to be done? As a plain matter of justice, should she not admit her error to the injured one? "What!" says one, "a mother confess that she has been in the wrong? It will weaken her influence over her children." No! it will only strengthen her influence over them for good. If she does not try to repair her injustice, it will not be long before her children will treat others in the same way.

Unselfishness is never attained except by a hard struggle on the part of both mother and child. With the mother the struggle is of this nature: she will have to refrain from doing some things because they tend to encourage the selfishness of her children. For instance, if she be a working woman and have not plenty of help, there are many times she would rather do the work herself than have her little girls and boys leave their play to help her, but should she persist in doing this her case will soon be that of slave mother with lady daughters and lazy sons.

Again, a mother will often prefer to do without things for herself that her children, growing up, may have better advantages. She must be very careful here of the ground she treads on, lest their selfishness be encouraged until they grow to think, "Oh, it's only mama—she doesn't care to go; she doesn't care to have this or that; she never says a word." Now, she should say a word or two. If she gives up anything for their pleasure, she can easily and kindly impress on the children that she is making a sacrifice for them; and if they are right-thinking children, they will value the pleasure or advantage more highly because bought by the dear mother's sacrifice, and they in turn will be more ready to make sacrifices for mother and for others.

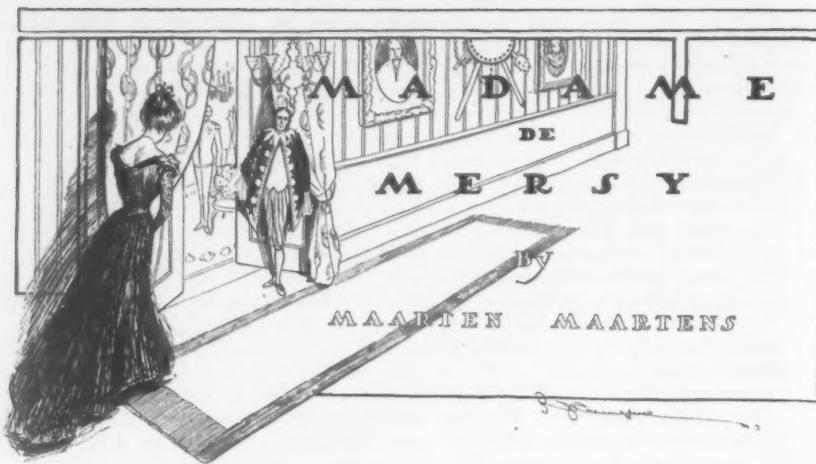
Mothers should encourage their children

to be affectionate. There are families that rather sneer at affection—"sentimental nonsense" they call it. They remind one of refrigerators. In families where there is much affection, invariably we shall find little selfishness. The affection may not always be of the demonstrative kind, and the mother will have to exercise discretion in training. One child may be too demonstrative, too impulsive. Such a disposition she will have to cool off, as it were. Another child is too cold, never showing any feeling, though its depth may be greater than in the more demonstrative child. This one needs to be thawed out a little, not allowed to be so frigid.

If children are required to be polite to each other, and to all, this will help greatly to antagonize selfishness. Have them share with each other any little treat or delicacy. Insist that they shall be accommodating to each other and to every member of the family. Teach them to regard the feelings of others, and to remember that a lady is a lady, and a gentleman is a gentleman, at all times; that anger is no excuse for abusive language. Impress on them that unkind words are not unsaid by apologies, although the sting of them is lessened—that a nickel's worth of kindness is not an equivalent for a dollar's worth of injury, as many seem to think. If these things are properly pressed on their attention it will not be long before unselfish affection will prompt their actions, and the children be happiest when making others happy.

Vanity is the root of some ugly forms of selfishness, and beauty of face and form is not always the blessing it should be. But children can be taught that a fair face is a gift from God—as is a fine voice, or any talent—that it should be appreciated, but is not a thing to be vain about. Lead them to see that facial beauty is marred if the inner beauty shine not in every feature.

Now, at the limit of the space allotted, it may be objected that old principles and methods of education have been only restated in new terms, but if they are followed out, one may be fairly confident that one's children will enter on adolescence with sound minds in sound bodies, and with hearts prepared to bring forth the fruits of the spirit.



AFTER a moment's hesitation the lady's maid opened the bedroom door.

"Madame la Marquise will pardon me," began the lady's maid, "but the groom of the chamber says that a gentleman waits downstairs who insists that he must speak with Madame la Marquise."

Denise de Mersy half turned; her golden head made an aureole against the shadows about the cot.

"The doctor!" she exclaimed in an undertone, not untouched with impatience. "But my orders were surely explicit to show up the doctor at once!"

"It is not the doctor, Madame la Marquise"—the maid hesitated—"but some one of the family—a relation—"

"I can see no one to-night. Is the child then not ill? Who is it?"

"Some one that is anxious to surprise Madame la Marquise. Fie, then, is the little angel not already asleep? Can her faithful Valérie not watch a few minutes, while Madame la Marquise descends?"

Madame de Mersy rose unwillingly. "Yes, the child is asleep," she said. "I will go down and see who this is. If she wakes or coughs again you must call me." She passed out of the room—in that many-chambered Paris mansion her bedroom and the child's.

With a grin Valérie took the vacant seat and drew from her pocket the napoleon she had just received and twirled it be-

tween finger and thumb; then, smiling, she put it back again.

Madame de Mersy went downstairs, and the maître d'hôtel, who had pocketed two napoleons, flung open the drawing-room door.

"Paul!" exclaimed Madame de Mersy. In her voice there rang every emotion of pleasure and annoyance and anxiety that a woman can combine in one note.

A young naval officer, a striking, stalwart figure, stood under the chandelier.

"Yes, Paul," he said.

"You have come back? And your ship was to sail to-morrow. Why this mystery?"

"Perhaps you would have refused to admit me, had you known it was I."

"Why, pray, should I refuse to admit you?"

"Ah! why, indeed? There is no reason."

"Paul, when you took leave of us last night it was for good."

"So I thought; and yet, see, I have come back."

"But why? Is there anything wrong?"

"Oh, no," he said, "there is nothing wrong."

She did not sit down, nor did she invite him to do so.

"Robert is out," she remarked. "He is dining with his sister, De Praville."

"Your husband? He is out? I have nothing to do with him."

"Paul!"

"You and I, we knew each other as children. We were cousins; we played together always—we loved each other! Long before any one had heard of Monsieur de Mersy."

"Paul, I cannot stay talking here; Simone is unwell. I must go to her."

He looked up for the first time. "Unwell?" he said quickly, and no woman could have withstood the swift sympathy of his voice.

"I do not imagine it is anything serious. I have sent for the doctor. This moment I am expecting him."

"Listen to me first. I too am a sufferer, of your own flesh and blood. I too have a claim on your sympathy—a double claim—for the suffering is through you."

She moved back a pace, and her fingers touched the door-knob.

"I must speak!" he went on violently. "And you will listen for one last moment!" Her hand slipped from the handle. "Why, pray, do you think I am come back, having gone? My ship sails for Tonkin to-morrow. I shall possibly never see you again; I had taken leave of you last night in the presence of your husband. I was gone, gone safely—why have I come back?"

"Hush!" said Madame de Mersy, very pale in her pale evening-dress gown, her fair hair a yellow cloud about the whiteness of her skin. He stopped and stared at her.

"We have known each other," she continued tremulously, "as you say, ever since we were little children. We are cousins; we have always been excellent comrades, friends. Last night you came here and took leave of us—possibly, as you say, we may never meet again. If we do not, let us always remember that we parted now."

"But, Denise——"

"Before you had ever said anything to me which at any time you need have reason to regret."

He took a few paces away from her, and then came back close.

"Never," he burst out, "never said anything? Ah, but it is you that are slow to understand! I have said it a hundred times—twenty years have passed since I first longed to say, since I first began saying it. I have said—I have said—Denise, I am saying it now!" His heart throbbed;

she could hear it, and the gasp in his throat. She leaned against the door, her hand playing nervously with the lock.

"Denise, have you nothing to answer me? Ah! I do not ask you to speak. Only look at me—look at me once, before I go."

She kept her eyes on the floor. "Good-by," she said. "Paul, you never should have come."

"I know that," he replied; "'tis my reason for coming—my only excuse."

"Any moment the doctor may be here. I must go to Simone." And still she kept her eyes on the floor.

"Denise"—he bent even nearer—"do you know why I ventured to come back tonight? You are angry with me. I had wanted not to tell you. But I cannot bear your anger, not at this our last meeting—I cannot bear to leave you angry. I cannot—Denise, the possibility is the certainty. I am going to Tonkin, but the doctors have condemned me. I shall never return to France alive!"

"Paul!" Her eyes swept up to his: he was answered. She dropped them again immediately, and stood trembling, without another word.

The sound of hoofs had been heard on the gravel of the courtyard; a carriage had drawn up under the portico; a hurried summons flashed along the electric wire.

"It is the doctor!" gasped Madame de Mersy. For one moment Paul hesitated; then he flung himself down on his knees, and, catching at the passive hand on the door-lock, he covered it with kisses.

Through the folding doors of the adjacent boudoir, pushing aside the noiseless portières, somebody hurriedly forced an entrance—Madame de Praville stood in the middle of the room.

"In time!" she said. For a moment that was all. The man had sprung to his feet.

"Thank God!" added Madame de Praville; then, hurrying toward her sister-in-law, she began speaking very fast.

"Denise, you must take my carriage at once—at once, do you hear?—and hurry off exactly as you are to the ball at the Austrian Embassy. Your toilet is"—she cast a hurried glance all over it—"fortunately satisfactory; it is lucky you happen

to be wearing your diamonds; one need hardly ask you why"—her eyes swept across to the young officer—"come away with me instantly! I will explain in the carriage; we have not five minutes to waste. And you, sir, be instantly gone!"

"I cannot leave the house to-night," replied Madame de Mersy calmly. "Simone is ill."

"Simone!" exclaimed Madame de Praville indignantly. "Is this the moment to worry about a little girl's ailment? You, at any rate, seem willing to forget her!" and suddenly, across her long pallor, Madame de Mersy flushed crimson. "You must come at once, do you understand? In half a dozen minutes my brother will be here. He was dining with me alone, as you know, at the last moment you had refused to accompany him——"

"Simone."

"Quite so. He confided to me his doubts of—unluckily, he believed that last night's leave-taking in his presence had not been final—I know not if some false friend of Monsieur de Sorac has betrayed him—if one of the servants—what shall we expect in a household of servants?—or if only his instinct, that we have always called jealousy——"

"Madame," said De Sorac, "you are a woman. You are free to insult both women and men."

"You mistake me utterly, monsieur. But it is to you, Denise, that I address myself. Your husband's suspicions were aroused——"

"Aroused!" exclaimed Denise bitterly.

"By your refusal to accompany him. 'The child has a cold,' he said, 'but the cold is an excuse.' I laughed at him for his senseless jealousy—have I not done so a hundred times in your presence, calling him Othello, warding off unpleasantness, making things supportable—ah! I grant you he was insupportable—as long as I believed you were injured—I who a hundred times have wept with you!"

"You have seen me weep twice," said Madame de Mersy. An oath broke through the clenched teeth of De Sorac.

"Swear at my brother to his face!" exclaimed the Marquise de Praville. "He will be delighted, monsieur, to make answer. But *you* come with me instantly. Denise,

Oh, come instantly! Come, as you value happiness, your heart's rest, your reputation, your home!" She ran forward and caught her sister-in-law by the arm, but Madame de Mersy shook her off.

"My home," said Madame de Mersy, "is with the child. And with her I remain."

"Robert, when he finds you guilty, he will kill that man there, and you! Girl, have you not yet learned what is jealousy? Command your lover to go!"

"I am innocent!" cried Madame de Mersy, purple to the finger-tips.

"Innocent? What care I for your measure of innocence? Do you think that we want in our family a rehearsal of the society novel that never occurs? If Robert finds that man here we are lost!"

Madame de Mersy turned to her cousin. "Go, Paul," she said. "God bless you always and everywhere. Good-by."

Madame de Praville beat her foot on the floor. "Eh bien, monsieur," she said, "you have your farewell."

The young man paused at the door. "Madame," he said slowly, "if I leave my cousin at this moment, unprotected, it is because I place her in your hands. You will defend her. She is as pure as the angels in heaven."

"Your presence here," was the answer, "is the only danger that threatens Madame de Mersy."

Without further parley Paul held out his hand to his cousin; she did not immediately take it, in the conflict of her thoughts.

"Bah, ne vous gênez pas," sneered Madame de Praville.

Then with proud deliberation, looking full into the young man's pleading eyes, Denise laid her hand in the one extended toward her and allowed it to rest there, while he slowly kissed it twice. The next moment she was alone with her sister-in-law.

"And I," burst out the other woman, "believed in you!"

"You may believe in me still," weakly responded Denise.

"What? Do you, a woman, dare to tell me, a woman, that you do not love the man who has just left this room?"

"All your words may be true, Edmonde.

but your thought at this moment is a lie."

"A lie—a lie? And I, who have pitied you from the moment of your marriage!"

"You may pity me still."

The other stood back, and in scorn, in fury, in bitter sorrow, said, almost whispering:

"Marquise de Mersy."

"If you believed in me so utterly, why did you hasten here to-night to—warn me?"

"Utterly?—no. I believed in you as much as one woman ever believes in another. Denise, I have been here for nearly five minutes already. Robert was on foot; I ought to have, at the utmost, ten minutes' start. Will you come with me now, at once?—for the last time I ask it—saving everything a woman holds dear?"

"Everything? I hold one thing dear—the child."

"Is that all? And your honor?"

"Why, pray, should my honor be touched if my husband finds me at home?"

"Because he will touch it—because—because—oh, mad woman, choose your choice! I must tell you, then. At least, now we are alone, it is possible to tell you. Monsieur de Sorac has a rival, or you have a friend—can you comprehend?"

"No."

"Keep your own counsel. But Robert received in my drawing-room, to-night, a letter advising him to surprise you with Monsieur de Sorac."

"Well? He will not surprise me with Monsieur de Sorac."

"Your sangfroid is admirable; I could never have believed it. He will say that he came too early—it is for fear of this he now walks so slow—he will find you waiting, with your diamonds on!"

Madame de Mersy snatched with eager hands at the radiant splendor around her neck and tore it away in a sprinkle of glittering shreds on the floor. Her sister-in-law screamed aloud.

"Take back your diamonds!" cried Madame de Mersy, her white chest panting, oppressed. "You—you are one of your race; like *him*, you think all women sell themselves for jewels and houses and titles and—God! I wish I could cast them back to you both as I trample on these chains which my parents——"

Madame de Praville, running forward, thrust her back.

"You are mad, indeed," gasped Madame de Praville; "these jewels are *ours*. Insult the memory of your parents, if you will; you shall not insult, madame, the name that you bear since six years—a name that was never sullied before. You shall come with me *now*. When that letter arrived, I, not knowing what to think, resolved to save your peace and my brother's; I laughed and I swore it was a palpable calumny, for this morning you had said in my presence you would be at the Austrian ball to-night! A note was brought me on the staircase; I seized on the opportunity—I went back to him—I said it was from you—that Simone was better—that you would join me at the Embassy—he asked to see the letter—I refused, as if offended—I tore here as fast as my horses could carry me—I have wasted six minutes—he is following—Denise, when he comes here, with that note in his pocket, he must not find you at home!" Madame de Praville stooped, and, with angry impatience, began gathering together the broken bits of the chain.

"I am innocent," said Denise. "My life is a curse to me. Your brother has made it so. I must wait for the doctor. I must stay with the child."

Madame de Praville raised herself from the ground. "See that you stay with the child," she said meaningly. "The moment that Robert accepts his own accusations—already he has spoken of it—he does not leave you another day with the child."

"*My child!*" cried Denise. "The law will protect me."

"The law protects children against the women their fathers have divorced. Ah! you compel me to speak plainly. All is at stake. You are innocent, you say? It is possible. Is that why I discover your cousin kissing your hands, at your feet? The ladies of our house, madame, must learn another innocence than that. Either instantly you follow me—before you second hand has traversed around again—or *I speak*—and Simone, trust me, will be placed under other guardianship than yours."

For a moment the two women faced each other. Then, without another word, Madame de Mersy passed into the ante-

room. Her cloak and fan lay ready. The groom of the chambers, watchfully impulsive, took them from an ottoman. The maid crept downstairs.

"Does the child sleep, Valérie?"

"Not yet, Madame la Marquise."

"What? Why not? Has she coughed?"

"A little, Madame la Marquise. Her nurse is with her now. She is restless, not ill."

The mother, her cloak already about her neck, turned in the entrance-hall.

"I must run up for one moment," she said.

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Madame de Praville in English. "If he sees my carriage here, all is lost"—and in French: "You would only disturb the child, my dear. She is probably just dropping off, is she not, Valérie?" Madame de Mersy hesitated; her sister-in-law caught her by the arm.

Valérie's eyes dropped before the swift command in Madame de Praville's.

"Oh! yes; she will soon be asleep. She is not ill," said Valérie.

"In an hour I shall be back," said Denise. "If the doctor comes, he must wait. I cannot understand about the doctor."

The groom of the chambers stepped forward. "There has just come a message from the doctor's, Madame la Marquise. He was not at home; they have sent for him."

Madame de Praville looked around, in the doorway, with her hand still on her sister-in-law's arm.

"I have not been here to-night, you understand, Josephé—and you, Valérie. It is half an hour since Madame la Marquise drove off to the Austrian Embassy. You must telephone instantly for the carriage to meet her there. You understand?"

"Perfectly," said the groom of the chambers.

"The other servants—they do not count," said Madame de Praville in English, as one footman stood waiting by the brougham. "He does not speak to them."

"You insult me—before these!" said Madame de Mersy.

Madame de Praville did not answer, the charge seemed to her so manifestly unfair. As the carriage rolled out of the courtyard

on to the Cours la Reine she gave a great gasp of relief. "The honor of our house," she muttered 'twixt her teeth, "to have hung on a hair!" Then in the sudden revulsion of feelings, she began heaping warnings, reproaches, threats and entreaties on the young Marquise de Mersy.

The latter sat silent, with face averted, watching the lights flash by. She hardly heard the other lady's words; they did not touch her. She was thinking of the early home life in the quiet Touraine woods, of her fortunate marriage, her splendid existence—above all, Simone. And Paul had said that he was dying; he would never come back; she would never see Paul again.

"How so—you answer nothing?" cried Madame de Praville.

Denise turned her face. "It is no use; you do not understand me. Think all the evil of me, if you will. Perhaps you are right. But I—I have been faithful to Robert. Edmonde, he would rob me of my child."

"Promise me that you will receive no more visits!" entreated Madame de Praville.

Denise threw back her head, incapable of reply. The tears shot into her eyes and stood there.

The carriage, which had been creeping up the line, now stopped in the blaze of the entrance. Madame de Praville looked out. "The coast seems clear," she said. "I will go. Do you come ten minutes later. One can never be sure."

And, indeed, the first person Madame de Praville saw among the crowd on the staircase was her brother, standing expectant.

"You?" she said, coolly. "I thought you were going home. Is Denise already here?"

"No," he answered, gloomily. "What a time you have taken!"

"Very sure; I have spent ten long minutes in the 'file.' Robert, I have so often said things to you, I should like to say a thing to-night."

"Well?"

"Hush! I do not like Denise; I have never pretended to like her. Of that you are sufficiently aware."

"I am indeed."

"But in suspecting her, in accusing her, as you do, you wrong her absolutely—once for all I say it—I am not laughing tonight. A woman like Denise does not flirt with her cousin. It is no use reasoning with a jealous man—I know it—but I—I dare to tell you. Your thought is the thought of a fool. Take me to monseigneur."

She had struck at him boldly with the one word that, in a man of his character, strikes home. She knew it, and, despite her high mettle, she trembled as, with tight-pressed lips, he offered her his arm.

A few moments later Denise de Mersy entered the ball-room. Her face was set, and even her eyes were almost calm. Madame de Praville avoided looking in the direction of her brother. The marquis flushed with transitory contrition; he checked a sudden impulse to go up to his wife and be kind.

"De la tenue!" he said to himself. "Do not let us make fools of ourselves in public. Neither in public nor in private," he added. And he thought, with an ugly scowl, of his sister's word. He was not the sort of man that makes a fool of himself on purpose. He went and talked to other women, as was his right, pleasantly, sometimes prettily, with compliments neatly turned, with flashes of the cynic wit that hurts only at home. Occasionally his furtive glance stole across in search of his wife. She was a beautiful woman; men thought her beautiful and gathered around her. It was fit she should be beautiful. She was almost too beautiful for comfort.

He lost sight of her; half an hour later he found her, in another room, with two young officers; they were talking and laughing. He drew her aside.

"Denise," he said, "you have actually forgotten to put on your necklace. It is like you to come to a great entertainment and neglect to finish dressing. Did you not notice that your neck is bare?"

"I was in a hurry," she said. "You remember I had dressed to go with you to your sister's. I was anxious to come early."

"Why?" A sudden suspicion leaped into his eye.

"I do not intend to stay long."

"Ah! Well, I think you had much better go back at once. Forgive my saying it, but the effect is absurd. I shall stay."

She did not inquire how long, so he carefully told her. "I shall not be in till quite late," he said.

She hardly heard him. "Home!" that was all she thought. "Would you get me my carriage?" she asked, endeavoring to check the eagerness in her voice. He bowed, watching her closely, all his suspicions again suddenly alight. A few moments later her horses were hurrying her homeward, the very cadence of their hoofs on the pavement repeating "Simone."

In the entry the groom of the chambers awaited her. The agitation of his manner sent the blood to her throat.

"What is it?" she exclaimed.

"Ah! Madame la Marquise, we had sent to the Embassy. Thank God! you are come. Another doctor is with her, the first we could summon. The poor little darling—" But Madame de Mersy was already halfway up the stairs.

In the long corridor Valérie met her weeping. "I know," said Madame de Mersy, but she did not believe herself.

A strange physician was in the bedroom; a couple of women-servants were helping him. Madame de Mersy went straight to the cot. "What is it?" she said. "What is the matter? The child is asleep."

No one answered her. She knelt down in a great rustle and glitter, and lightly touched her daughter's forehead. With a shriek that filled the house the mother rose erect. The women burst out crying.

"Speak—you! What has happened?" said Marquise de Mersy.

"A convulsion, Madame la Marquise. It must have come suddenly in the midst of her coughing. There can have been very little pain."

"The doctor! Our doctor! Forgive me, monsieur; I hardly know what I am saying. But see, you are a stranger! *Something* must be done, and that instantly. Valérie! Josephe! It cannot be too late! Our own doctor. God! where is our good Doctor Duseau?"

"Here, madame—calm yourself—I am here"—the house doctor came hurrying in. He examined the little body; he held whispered consultation with his colleague;

Madame de Mersy stood watching. "It is the will of God," said the doctor tremulously. "Dear madame, had I been present, I could have done nothing more."

The mother sank to the ground. "Had I been here," she said, "she would not have died." And at this word she let fall her head on her hands and lay still.

The lady's maid broke into loud lamentation and self-reproach. It was some time before her mistress heard—still longer before she understood her. Simone, then, had been feverish, had been coughing badly, when her mother left the house, but Madame de Praville had signed to Valérie to keep silence. No one, of course, could have foreseen any serious complication. The healthiest child, as every one knows, may be suddenly struck dead with convulsions. The doctor nodded assent.

At last Madame de Mersy understood. She looked up. "God will forgive you," she said. "He forgives everything." Then:

"Doctor, is it absolutely hopeless?"

"Ah, madame!"

"If you please, I would be alone."

But already Josephe was whispering at the door.

The child's nurse approached her mistress. "Monsieur le Marquis has come

home." No one had ventured to tell him.

"Ah!" said Denise. Even at that moment she realized why he had hastened home, what he had expected to find. "I will go to him," she said.

She passed down into the great hall, her jewels flashing all about her, the famous Mersy tiara upon her brow.

He was in the little drawing-room, where Paul had knelt to her barely an hour ago. He was pacing the room in agitation; he turned as she entered, and at once:

"Your cousin De Sorac has been here," he said. He noticed her terrible pallor—the agony of her set features; a red mist of rage crossed his eyes.

"Yes," she said.

He stood staring at her, uncertain in his fury, his misery, what to do next.

"Simone is dead," she said.

He stood staring.

She went on speaking, automatically, as if it had been some one else. "She died quite suddenly. In a convulsion. The doctor says that nothing can be done."

"Denise!" he cried, and stretching out both arms to her, all his ungovernable passion for her surging to his breast.

"No," she said.



RESIDENT FAUNCE'S Paper Deferred.—

THE COSMOPOLITAN promised its readers for December a discussion of the topic, "Modern Education: Does It Educate in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?" by the Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, the new president of Brown University. The many and onerous duties connected with the reorganization of the university, and the inauguration ceremonials, tended to delay Doctor Faunce in the preparation of his paper. For this reason the publication of President Faunce's article has been deferred until some future number.



MADAME BLAVATSKY: HIGH PRIESTESS OF ISIS.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

IN the year 1874, Col. Henry S. Olcott, a special correspondent of the "New York Graphic," was sent to investigate the alleged spiritistic phenomena occurring in the Eddy family, of Chittenden, Vermont. The gentleman in question was no callow, beardless esquire of the quill, seeking to win his spurs in the battle of life, but a full-fledged knight of newspaperdom, supposedly acquainted with the ways and wiles of the world. He had had a long and varied career, having served in the army during the civil war; after that as special commissioner of the War and Navy departments, until his retirement in 1866; and been a lawyer in New York city, and lastly a newspaper reporter.

Notwithstanding all his past experiences—as soldier, lawyer, journalist—Colonel Olcott met with his Waterloo at Chittenden. He sacrificed his common sense and reason on the altar of superstition and credulity. The Eddy brothers, rough, uncouth farmers, but possessed of a world of vulgar cunning beneath their bucolic exterior, were too much for him. The place where the ghosts were materialized was a large apartment over the dining-room of the antiquated homestead. A dark closet, with rough blanket hung in

front of it, was the mystic cabinet. From this cabinet the shades of the dead came forth to hold converse with the awe-struck sitters, who had come from far and near to witness the phenomena. Olcott further met his fate in the shape of an eccentric female, a Russian occultist, who came to the place to acquaint herself with the dark and devious ways of American spirit-evokers.

But let me quote the journalist's own words:—

"My eye was first attracted by a scarlet Garibaldian skirt the former wore, as being in vivid contrast with the dull colors around. Her hair was then a thick blonde mop, worn shorter than the shoulders, and it stood out from her head, silken, soft, and crinkled to the roots, like the fleece of a Cots-wold ewe. This and the red skirt were what struck my attention before I took in the picture of her

features. It was a massive Kalmuck face, contrasting in its suggestion of power, culture and impenetrability, as strangely with the commonplace visages about the room, as her red garment did with the gray and white tones of the wall and woodwork, and the dull costumes of the rest of the guests."

Colonel Olcott scraped an acquaintance with this remarkable character. She



MADAME BLAVATSKY.

informed him that she was Madame Hélène Petrovna Hahn-Hahn Blavatsky, erstwhile of Russia, England, India, Egypt; a cosmopolite of cosmopolites. The elderly journalist engaged her in conversation, and found her not only a believer in spiritistic phenomena, but also a medium. She discoursed learnedly of the "astral plane," of French and English spiritism, and fascinated Olcott with reminiscences of foreign travel. Little did he imagine at the moment that she was to develop into the greatest pythonesse of the age, the introducer into the Occident of a new religious cult, the modern priestess of Isis; and that he, the prosaic newspaper reporter, would evolve into her coadjutor and Grand Hierophant of the Mysteries, the greatest and most ardent exponent of her so-called system of occultism and magic. But it was Karma—Kismet—or whatever you choose to denominate it. A strange and productive friendship!

Madame Blavatsky was born in Ekaterinoslav, Russia, in 1831. She was the daughter of Col. Peter Hahn, of the Russian army, and granddaughter of Gen. Alexis Hahn von Rallenstern Hahn (a noble family of Mecklenberg, settled in Russia). Her mother was Hélène Fadeef, daughter of Andrew Fadeef and the Princess Dolgoruky. At the age of seventeen she married Nicephore Blavatsky, a councilor of state, whom she was pleased to denominate "the plumed raven." He was old and gouty, being forty-three years her senior. The marriage was not felicitous, and the couple separated by mutual consent at the expiration of three months. Madame Blavatsky then commenced her extraordinary career as a thaumaturgist, globe-trotter and chevalière d'industrie. Sinnett, author of certain works on occultism, wrote a biography of the Russian adventuress, but it is so replete with tales of magic and mystery, and Munchausen-like effects, that little credence can be given to it. However, it is worth reading, if one is fond of indulging in ghost stories by candle-light. In India she was accused of being a spy in the pay of the Russian government, and regarded with suspicion by the English authorities. In the year 1870 she visited Egypt in

company with a certain Countess K——, always consorting with mediums, magnetizers, and others of that ilk. At Cairo she endeavored to form a spiritistic society, but without much success. Her biographer relates that she spent one night in the King's Sepulcher in the bowels of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, reposing in the very sarcophagus that once held the mummy of a Pharaoh. In one of her books she claims that it is absurd to imagine, as do modern archaeologists, that the lidless coffin in the Great Pyramid was ever a receptacle for a mummy. Rather was it the place for illustration, or baptism, of the neophyte in the ancient Egyptian Mysteries.

It is said that the police of Cairo asked her to "move on," and that she departed in hot haste from the land of pyramids and papyri. Several times she turned up in Russia after her Eastern sojourns, once at a gloomy chateau in Tiflis, the residence of a relative, Prince —, where she gave séances during the long winter evenings and nearly frightened the guests to death. Then she came to the United States, from which time dates the theosophic Hegira.

Madame Blavatsky is most widely known to the world as the exponent of modern theosophy—a cult which now numbers its adherents by the thousands.

Of all the psychical epidemics that have affected modern thought, theosophy is the most interesting to the student. It is on a higher metaphysical plane than spiritism, and has drawn upon the Orient for inspiration. We look to the East for light, but when it comes to mental illumination, we find, alas, much that is dark. Yes, from out of the mysterious East have proceeded most of the superstitions that have hypnotized the minds of Western thinkers. It is the land of wonders and paradoxes. Hand in hand with the most grotesque idol-worship is a metaphysics of remarkable subtlety.

Let us turn aside for a moment to ask: "What is theosophy?" The word theosophy (theo-sophia—divine knowledge) appears to have been used about the third century A.D., by the Neo-Platonists, or Gnostics of Alexandria, but the great principles of the doctrine, however, were taught hundreds of years prior to the mystical school established at Alexandria.

"It is not," says an interesting writer on the subject, "an outgrowth of Buddhism, although many Buddhists see in its doctrines the reflection of Buddha. It proposes to give its followers the esoteric, or inner spiritual, meaning of the great religious teachers of the world. It asserts repeated reincarnations, or rebirths of the soul on earth, until it is fully purged of evil, and becomes fit to be absorbed into deity whence it came, gaining thereby Nirvana, or unconsciousness." Not a few theosophists claim that Nirvana is not a state of unconsciousness, but just the converse, a state of the most intensified consciousness, during which the soul remembers all of its previous incarnations.

Madame Blavatsky claimed that "there exists in Thibet a brotherhood whose members have acquired a power over nature which enables them to perform wonders beyond the reach of ordinary man. She declared herself to be a chela, or disciple of these adepts and mahatmas, and asserted that they took a special interest in all initiates in occult lore, being able to cause apparitions of themselves in places where their bodies were not, and that they not only appeared but communicated intelligently with those whom they thus visited; and themselves perceived what was going on where their phantoms appeared." This phantasmal appearance she called the projection of the astral form. The madame did not claim to be the founder of a new religious faith, but simply the reviver of a creed that has slumbered in the Orient for centuries, and declared herself to be the messenger of these mahatmas to the scoffing world.

Nothing in this era of blood and iron can be carried on without combination.

Theosophy would have amounted to little had it not been for the fact that it was exploited by the Theosophical Society, an organization which saw the light of day in New York, October 30, 1875. Madame Blavatsky is generally credited by her followers with being its founder, but there is considerable doubt on this point. As originally organized the society was not intended as a medium for the propagation of esoteric Buddhism and Brahmanism, but for the prosecution of psychical studies. A lecture given in New York city by a certain George H. Felt, before a select coterie of ghost-seers, primarily led to the founding of the Theosophical Society. The term "theosophy" was chosen expressly on the basis of the first meaning given to that word in Webster's Dictionary: "Any system of philosophy or mysticism which proposes to attain intercourse with God and superior spirits, and consequent superhuman knowledge, by physical processes, as by the theurgic operations of some ancient Platonists, or by the chemical processes of the German fire-philosophers." Hence the first sentence of the original preamble of the Theosophical Society reads: "The title of the Theosophical Society explains the objects and desires of its founders; they seek to obtain knowledge of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Power and of the higher spirits by the aid of physical processes."

In this society Madame Blavatsky forged promptly to the front and began to exploit the vagaries of Indian mysticism. Strange reports were set afloat concerning the mysterious appearance of a Hindoo adept in his astral body at the society headquarters on Forty-seventh street. It



A MAHATMA ENVELOPE.

was said to be that of a certain Mahatma Koot Hoomi, who left behind him as a souvenir of his presence, a turban, which was exhibited on all occasions by Blavatsky's enterprising coadjutor and Grand Hierophant of the Mysteries, Colonel Olcott.

After seeing the society well established in America, the modern priestess of Isis went to India.

This functionary, with her coworker, Colonel Olcott, went to the land of the Vedanta ostensibly to study mahatmas and miracles. She went first to Bombay, thence to Madras, and afterward to Adyar. A rambling East Indian bungalow was fitted up as the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, and a certain M. and Mme. Coulomb were installed as librarian and assistant corresponding secretary. One of the rooms of the bungalow was fitted up as an occult cabinet, or séance apartment, with a cupboard against the wall, known as the "shrine." In this shrine letters were received from the mahatmas, and from it were sent by a sort of spiritual post located somewhere in the fourth dimension of space. Astral appearances of adepts were seen in the room and about the grounds of the building. The news spread like wild-fire. Anglo-Indian theosophists flocked to the place; even native Hindoos and Buddhists neglected their temples for the shrine-room. The genuineness of the phenomena was not doubted. But now Madame Blavatsky quarreled with the Coulombs. During her absence in Europe with Colonel Olcott, in 1884, the Coulombs were expelled from their positions by the general council of the society. In revenge they published parts of certain letters purporting to have been written to them by the high priestess, in the "Madras Christian College Magazine." "These letters, if genuine, unquestionably implicated Madame Blavatsky in a conspiracy to produce marvelous phenomena fraudulently." The London Society for Psychical Research sent Dr. Richard Hodgson to India to investigate the matter and report upon the "occult phenomena" produced at the bungalow. His report, published in the transactions of the society for 1885, is most voluminous and painstaking. After perusing it, no sane person

can doubt the truth of his statements, viz.: that jugglery and trickery were used to accomplish the so-called transportation of ponderable objects, including letters, through solid matter; the "precipitation" of handwriting and drawings on previously blank paper; astral appearances, et cetera.

Doctor Hodgson sums up his case as follows:—

"1. She [Madame Blavatsky] has been engaged in a long-continued combination with other persons to produce by ordinary means a series of apparent marvels for the support of the theosophic movement.

"2. That in particular the shrine at Adyar, through which letters purporting to come from mahatmas were received, was elaborately arranged with a view to the secret insertion of letters and other objects through a sliding panel at the back, and regularly used for the purpose by Madame Blavatsky or her agents.

"3. That there is consequently a very strong general presumption that all the marvelous narratives put forward in evidence of the existence of mahatmas are to be explained as due either (a) to deliberate deception carried out by or at the instigation of Madame Blavatsky, or (b) to spontaneous illusion or hallucination or unconscious misrepresentation or invention on the part of the witnesses."

Sliding panels, secret doors, and disguises constituted the *deus ex machina* of the theosophic mysteries.

Sitting in a London drawing-room, usually her own, madame would frequently exhibit her favorite tricks of the precipitated writing and the Indian mail. Some one would express a desire to have certain questions expounded by a mahatma.

"Behold!" the sibyl would cry, "the masters have come to your aid." Suddenly a mysterious envelope, covered with strange characters, would flutter apparently from the ceiling, or else be found in some out-of-the-way spot. On tearing open this envelope a letter from an Eastern adept would be found, answering the queries. A confederate, of course, was employed to "materialize" the missive. Thanks to her really remarkable conversational powers, Madame Blavatsky was enabled adroitly to lead people into asking questions that would tally with the mahatma message.

A number of clever books have been written about Madame Blavatsky and her theosophy, but none more clever and interesting than that of the Russian journalist and litterateur, Vsevolod S. Solovoyoff, who was in Paris in 1884, studying occult literature and preparing to write a treatise on psychic research. One day he read in the "Matin" that Madame Blavatsky had arrived in Paris. With a letter of introduction from a friend in St. Petersburg, he visited the priestess at her residence in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs—a long mean street on the left bank of the Seine. He says: "I climbed a very, very dark staircase, rang, and a slovenly figure in an Oriental turban admitted me into a tiny dark lobby. To my question whether Madame Blavatsky would receive me, the slovenly figure replied with an

monsieur,' and vanished with my card, while I was left to wait in a small, low room, poorly and insufficiently furnished.

*That is the worth keeping yet. It was I stopped
judge from writing hasty
he would be able to see
it himself, but some present an-
noyance hindered him. In my
case will I allow him to use
the great! secret Council for
such a purpose. He may agree
to charters in certain cases
and somethings about which I
will advise him, but such things
as this must lie, if at all, upon
your own responsibility. He is
well protected from any bad
blunders, for he is absolutely de-
void of interest for himself and
only desires to work the wish
of his Master and to preserve
the Society from hurt or dis-
repute; remember that and
suspect him less. He would
not seem even if he saw the
letters of yours where you call
him a rogue and say behind
his manners "moral, or good
looks." Bare a hole in your
skull O' Skeptiques and know
the right time when you
see him. Yes he is R.C.
but will never admit it they
know.*

*Uspitska forwarded this but
does not know its contents.
for Deaps*

M.F.

A MAHATMA LETTER.

'Entrez. picture of the pythoness.

So much for a striking pen-
Madame re-

"I had not long to wait. The door opened, and she was before me: a rather tall woman, though she produced the impression of being short, on account of her unusual stoutness. Her great head seemed all the greater from her thick and very bright hair, touched with a scarcely perceptible gray, and a trifle frizzed—by nature and not by art, as I subsequently convinced myself.

" . . . I remarked that she was very strangely dressed, in a sort of black sacque, and that all the fingers of her small, soft, and as it were, boneless hands, with their slender points and long nails, were covered with great jeweled rings."

ceived her fellow-countryman most cordially. She begged him to join the Theosophical Society, and produced for him her astral-bell phenomenon. She excused herself to see to some domestic duty, and on her return to the sitting-room the phenomenon occurred. Says the journalist: "She made a sort of flourish with her hand, raised it upward, and suddenly I heard distinctly, quite distinctly, somewhere above our heads, near the ceiling, a very melodious sound like a little silver bell or an *Aeolian harp*.

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked.

"This means only that my master is here, although you and I cannot see him. He tells me that I may trust you, and am to do for you whatever I can. *Vous êtes sous sa protection, henceforth and forever.*"

Solovyoff was not convinced of the genuineness of the phenomenon, but he said nothing to the madame. He asked himself this question:

"Why was the sound of the silver bell not heard at once, but only after she had left the room and come back again?"

However, he joined the society, and kept his eyes open. Madame Blavatsky introduced him to the hierophant Olcott, who showed him the turban that had been left at the New York headquarters by Mathma Koot Hoomi.

In August, 1885, he visited the madame at Wurzberg, Germany. It was after the Coulomb affair, and she was sick at heart and in body. A little Hindoo servant, Bavaji, was her sole attendant at the Spa.

"Every day," writes Solovyoff, "when I came to see the madame she used to try to do me a favor in the shape of some trifling 'phenomenon,' but she never succeeded. Thus one day her famous 'silver bell' was heard, when suddenly something fell beside her on the ground. I hurried to pick it up and found in my hands a pretty little piece of silver, delicately worked and strangely shaped. Helena Petrovna changed countenance and snatched the object from me. I coughed significantly, smiled, and turned the conversation to indifferent matters."

At another time, he was talking with her about the "Theosophist," and she mentioned the name of Subba Rao, a Hindoo,

who had "attained the highest degree of knowledge." She requested the journalist to open a drawer in her writing-desk and take from it a photograph of the adept.

"I opened the drawer," says Solovyoff, "found the photograph and handed it to her—together with a packet of Chinese envelopes, such as I well knew; they were the same in which the 'elect' used to receive the letters of the Mahatmas Morya and Koot Hoomi by 'astral post.'

"Look at that, Helena Petrovna! I should advise you to hide this packet of the master's envelopes farther off. You are so terribly absent-minded and careless."

Terrible was the rage of the high priestess of Isis at thus being detected. Her face grew as black as midnight. "She tried in vain to speak, but could only writhe helpless in her great arm-chair."

Solovyoff declares he then adroitly drew a confession from her. She said: "What is one to do when in order to rule men it is necessary to deceive them?" She begged him to go into a copartnership with her to astonish the world. He refused.

Then, after repeated denials of fraud, she broke down utterly and wrote him, according to his statement, a full confession of her many impostures. This confession she subsequently denied and declared a forgery. Forgery or not, the Paris theosophists believed it genuine, and their lodges were disrupted in consequence.

Soon after this event the great occultist, as tireless as ever, went to England and made a convert of Annie Besant, the socialist, authoress and atheist. Finally came the end. The high priestess yielded up the ghost in London, May 8, 1891, and her spirit departed for Devachan, wherever that may be located. Her body was cremated and the ashes were divided into three equal portions, one of which was sent to Adyar, India, one to New York, and the third retained in London. The American shrine is a marble niche in the wall of the Theosophical headquarters, No. 144 Madison avenue. The ashes repose in a bronze urn.

And so ended the famous priestess of Isis. No woman ever made stancher friends, no woman ever made more inveterate enemies. To her followers she

was the greatest worker of miracles since the Christ. Once a year they celebrate the anniversary of her death. The day is called White Lotus day; why, I know not. The lotus in the East is the symbol of purity; it also typifies the doctrine of perpetual cycles of existence. The reader can make his or her own application of the emblem.

As to her assertions that she penetrated Thibet, in whose sacred lamaseries dwell the mahatmas and adepts of her theosophy, there is not a jot of evidence.

The question may now be asked: "Did Madame Blavatsky really possess any occult powers, or was she simply a juggler with a well-rehearsed repertoire of sleight-of-hand tricks?" Such phenomena as the materialization of roses, astral-bell sounds and answers to sealed letters are well-known feats to any medium or conjurer. They are not dependent upon the exercise of psychic powers, but are effected by legerdemain. However, after all is said, I am of the opinion that she possessed one faculty bordering on the marvelous, namely, the power of hypnotizing, but like all hypnotizers she had to have a good subject. The majority of people are not hypnotizable, consequently she, like other alleged psychics, had to resort to trickery on many occasions to accomplish her ends. Stories, tolerably well vouched for, lead me to conclude that she was a mesmerist of no mean order. I quote the following by Hereward Carrington, published in "Mahatma" not long ago:—

"Two of the principal phenomena that occurred, and of which Mr. Sinnett [a writer on Madame Blavatsky] makes the most, are 'the brooch incident' and 'the pillow incident.' Of these we will con-

sider the 'pillow incident' only, as being the more perfect of the two. The following is a brief summary of the pillow incident: A party, including madame, had gone to lunch, and were on the top of a hill, when madame suddenly asked in what place Mr. Sinnett would like the article to appear, which he was expecting. It was very clearly stated that this expected article, a brooch, was not mentioned by Mr. Sinnett before and the subject had *not been led up to in any way*. This is the crucial point of the whole test. Mr. Sinnett thought a moment and then said: 'Inside that cushion.' He had no sooner uttered the word, than his wife cried out, 'Oh, no, let it be inside mine.' This was agreed on. The cushion was now covered with a rug for about a minute; when it was opened, inside that was a second cushion. In the very center of this latter was found the brooch and a note from Koot Hoomi—the more important and communicative of the two mahatmas. But the brooch and the cushion had been in the Sinnett family for a number of years, so that the 'test' appeared to be absolutely conclusive.

"The principal point in this test is that the expected article was not mentioned before in any way. Apparently, then, the answer to the question was entirely haphazard, and had never crossed Mr. Sinnett's mind before that instant. If that was the case, the 'pillow incident' was certainly remarkable, but the writer holds that such was not the case.

"It must be acknowledged by all, that if madame could have by any means foretold the place that was to be chosen as the recipient of the article, it would have been an easy matter to have placed it in there beforehand and triumphantly pro-



MADAME BLAVATSKY.

duced it at the critical moment. The only thing that would require careful manipulation would be the 'forcing' of that particular place on the victim. But there was no forcing in this case, as Mr. Sinnett is particular in reminding the reader, consequently it could not have been done in that subtle way.

"Madame pursued a much bolder plan, and, in the writer's opinion, caused the choices to fall upon the prepared places by means of employing post-hypnotic suggestions.

"Hypnotism is, undoubtedly, a true science, though there are so many humbugs playing under its 'role.' That it was known in India many hundreds of years ago, there cannot be the least doubt; moreover, it is much used by the yogis of the present day.

"What would be more natural, then, than to suppose that madame should have learned the art in her sojourn in the East, and bringing it into the world—to which it was still somewhat new—in a little different form, she should have employed it, in many instances, to startling effect?

"As it does not necessarily follow that all magicians are acquainted with this subject, it may be said that post-hypnotic suggestion is a suggestion given to the *sensitive* (or person under the hypnotic influence), but which is not carried out until after he is again restored to perfect consciousness. Such suggestions seem to rise spontaneously from the mind of the subject, and *not* as if they had been previously suggested by the 'operator.' It seems to be merely the accidental thought of such a person.

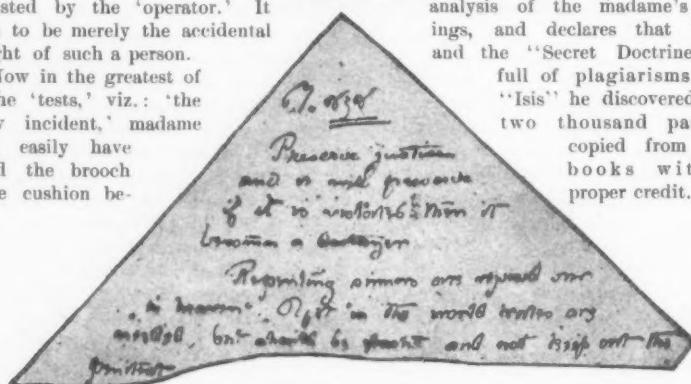
"Now in the greatest of all the 'tests,' viz.: 'the pillow incident,' madame could easily have placed the brooch in the cushion be-

forehand, then quietly hypnotized Mr. Sinnett and his wife the evening before, and suggested that they should choose the cushion on being asked where they would like the brooch to reappear. When asked, the choice naturally fell on the prepared cushion.

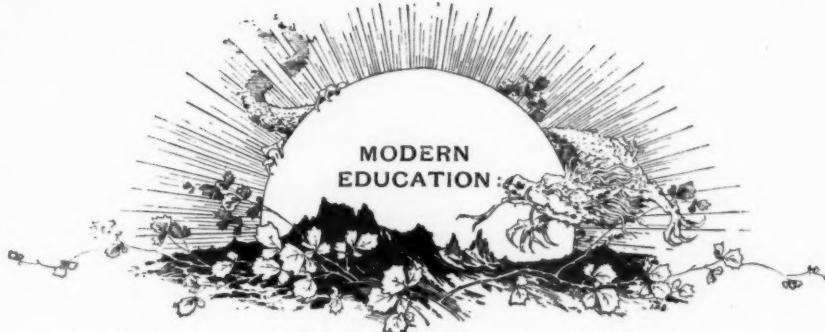
"If madame had failed, nothing would have been said about it, but as she succeeded, a grand 'test' was the result."

Madame Blavatsky is known to the world of letters as the writer of two ponderous works of a philosophical or mystical character, explanatory of the esoteric doctrine, viz.: "Isis Unveiled," published in 1877, and the "Secret Doctrine," published in 1888. In the composition of these works she claimed "that she was assisted by the mahatmas who visited her apartments when she was asleep, and wrote portions of the manuscripts with their astral hands while their natural bodies reposed entranced in Tibetan lamaseries. These fictions were fostered by prominent members of the Theosophical Society, and believed by many credulous persons."

"Isis Unveiled" is a potpourri of absurdities, pseudo-science, magic, mythology and folk-lore, arranged in helter-skelter fashion. Madame Blavatsky had a very imperfect knowledge of Oriental languages, and this may account for the ludicrous mistakes in which the volume abounds, despite the aid of the ghostly mahatmas, who ought to have known better. Mr. William Emmette Coleman, of San Francisco, has made an exhaustive analysis of the madame's writings, and declares that "Isis" and the "Secret Doctrine" are full of plagiarisms. In "Isis" he discovered some two thousand passages copied from other books without proper credit.



ANOTHER MAHATMA LETTER.



DOES IT EDUCATE IN THE BROADEST AND MOST LIBERAL SENSE OF THE TERM?

SUBJECT PRESENTED FOR DISCUSSION IN THE LEADING UNIVERSITIES.

\$2,000 in Gold Medals Offered by The Cosmopolitan to the Contestants.

Presidents Hadley and Dwight of Yale University, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, President Harper of the University of Chicago, Presidents Faunce and Andrews of Brown University, and other leading educators, have taken part in the debate which THE COSMOPOLITAN has been conducting during the last two years upon the topic, "Modern Education: Does It Educate in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?"

It now seems advisable in the interests of education to transfer this discussion from the presidents, to the students, of the leading universities. With a view to causing the widest consideration of the ideals which should underlie true education, the editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN has offered the sum of two thousand dollars, in the form of either gold medals or checks, as the recipient may prefer.

The subject for debate will be stated as follows: What order of studies is best suited to fit the average man for his duties in the world of to-day? In other words, what is the relative importance of the various branches of education in fitting a man to secure his own happiness and rendering him a useful citizen and neighbor?

THE \$2,000 IN PRIZES IS OFFERED AS FOLLOWS:—

To the students of Yale University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of Harvard University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of Johns Hopkins University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of the University of Michigan, one hundred dollars.

To the students of the University of Wisconsin, one hundred dollars.

To the students of Princeton University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of Brown University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of the University of Pennsylvania, one hundred dollars.

To the students of the University of Chicago, one hundred dollars.

To the students of Cornell University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of Columbia University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of the New York University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of the University of California, one hundred dollars.

To the students of Leland Stanford, Junior, University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of Notre Dame University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of Georgetown University, one hundred dollars.

To the students of the University of Virginia, one hundred dollars.

The committee of judges at each university shall be made up of:—

(1st) The president of the university.

(2d) The professor of English literature.

(3d) The professor of one of the scientific branches.

(4th) The professor of one of the dead languages.

(5th) Five laymen selected from the business world for their broad and comprehensive views of life.

These debates to take place at Yale, Cornell and Brown during the month of January.

At Harvard, University of Michigan, Leland Stanford, Junior, and Georgetown during the month of February.

At Johns Hopkins, Columbia, University of Chicago and University of California during the month of March.

At Princeton, Wisconsin and University of Virginia during the month of April.

At Pennsylvania, Notre Dame and University of New York during the month of May.

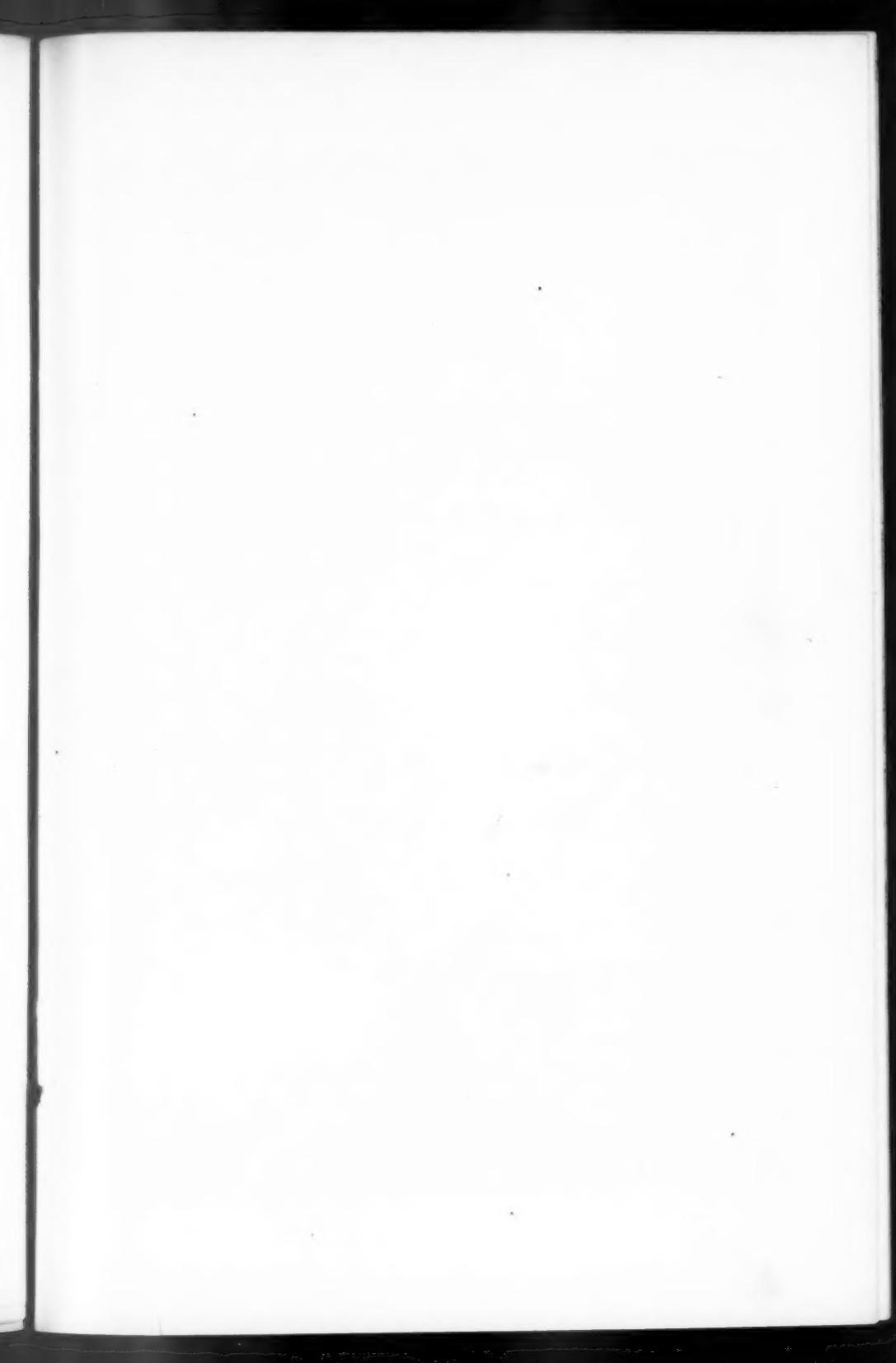
After all debates have been held, the principal contestants are to meet at Harvard University in the month of May, 1900, and debate the subject in its finality. A prize of three hundred dollars will be awarded to the student presenting the ablest final discussion of the subject.

The judges in the final contest to be the presidents of the universities entering the contest, Ex-President Harrison, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Governor Theodore Roosevelt of the state of New York, and William Jennings Bryan.

Ex-President Harrison will be asked to preside.

THE COSMOPOLITAN reserves the right to print ten of the ablest papers.







"THAT MAGIC EVENING WHEN HE HAD FIRST VENTURED HELEN, UNREBURED."
See "Norman Rockwell," page 293.

Drawn by Nellie Farham